National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

CREED OF THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

From The Observer of Jan. 3.

THE religion and morality of the *New York Observer* are the religion and morality of the Bible. We believe that the Bible reveals to man a perfect rule of faith and practice, a rule as well adapted to men in the middle of the nineteenth century as it was to men who lived in the time of Christ and his Apostles. We believe that the great truths of the Bible are—that God is Love; that man was made in the moral image of God, but by sin lost that image, and plunged himself into a fathomless abyss of ruin; and that the Love and Wisdom of God culminated in devising the plan of man's redemption. We believe that love generates and nourishes in man all the virtues, all the graces, and all the joys of which he is capable; that love begets love; that great love begets great love; and that cordial faith in that love of God which sent his Son into the world to suffer and die for the redemption of poor lost sinners, begets, by the power of the Holy Spirit, in the soul of the believer a love which tends to raise him to a height of virtue and blessedness to which Adam, in his innocence, never attained.

We believe that Christ came into the world to reform the world—to destroy intemperance, licentiousness, oppression, war and all the works of the devil; and to convert the earth into a happier paradise than that from which Adam was expelled; and we believe that he relied for success wholly on exciting in the hearts of individual men that intense love of God and man which springs from cordial faith in the Gospel. We believe that a deep humility, a profound sense of self-abasement, is the uniform accompaniment of true Christain love, and is necessary to the perfection and highest exaltation of the virtues and joys which it produces in the human soul.

We believe that Socialism, Owenism, Fourierism, Abolitionism, and all the various *isms* and schemes for the reform of the great evils of society on other than Bible principles, will prove not only a miserable failure, but an awful curse to the communities which cherish them. The projectors of these schemes ignore the fall of man and its consequences; they deny the right of God to visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children; they maintain the inherent injustice of all native inequalities in the condition of men; they call upon every man to seat himself proudly on a throne, and to demand of God and man an acknowledgment of his equal right to rule; they encourage men placed in subordinate stations in society to murmur at their lot, to envy, and hate, and violate the obligations which God imposes on them in their relations to their fellow-men; they propose to reform the world, not by beginning with individuals, and advancing step by step till all are reformed, but by reforming whole communities first and individuals afterwards; they love to manifest their virtue by publicly rebuking the sins of others rather than by confessing and repenting of their own; they are impatient of all delay and all compromise in the work of reform, demanding the instant and utter abolition of all great systems to which great evils are incident. Pride lies at the root of all these schemes, and, however fair the fruit may at first appear to the eye, they will be found when gathered to be apples of Sodom, full of ashes and bitterness—wrath, strife, evil speaking, envying, jealousies, division and every evil work.

It must be obvious to observing men that the principles to which we have referred have been spreading, for several years, among the people in some large sections of our country; that they have caused the division of our largest ecclesiastical bodies; that they are beginning to undermine our great institutions for the spread of the Gospel among the destitute at home and abroad; that they are sowing the seeds of infidelity and irreligion in districts formerly distinguished for their morality and orthodoxy; and that, after weakening, one by one, all the bonds, political, commercial, social and religious, which unite the different parts of our land to each other, they now seriously threaten the severance of that Union which is the glory of our country and the hope of mankind—the Union of the American States.

It must be equally obvious to those accustomed to trace effects to their causes that this extensive corruption of the moral and religious principles of the people is intimately connected with the revolution in the newspaper press, to which we have referred; and that the dangers which threaten us can be best averted by using every effort to increase the circulation of papers whose principles are sound and whose purposes are peace and good-will among men.

To encourage such efforts, so far as the *Observer* is concerned, its proprietors have resolved, by a great increase of the expenditure on their paper during the ensuing year, to give it increased value, and increased influence upon the mind and heart of the country.

SLAVEHOLDING FANATICISM.

From The Richmond (Va.) Examiner.

THE MODERN ABOMINATION OF FREE SCHOOLS.

WE have got to hating everything with the prefix *free*, from free negroes, down and up, through the whole catalogue of abominations, demagogueries, lusts, philosophies, fanaticisms and follies. Free farms, free labour, free niggers, free society, free will, free thinking, free love, free wives, free children and free schools, all belong to the same brood of damnable isms, whose mother is SIN and whose daddy is the Devil—are all the progeny of that prolific monster which greeted Satan on his arrival at the gates of Hell, which

> ——Seemed woman to the waist, and fair,
> But ended foul in many a scaly fold
> Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
> With mortal sting: about her middle round
> A cry of hell hounds never ceasing bark'd
> With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and many
> A hideous peal: yet when they list would creep,
> If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb,
> And kennel there; yet there still barked and howled
> Within unseen.

But the worst of all these abominations—because, when once installed, it becomes the hot-bed propagator of all—is the modern system of free schools. We forget who it is that has charged and proved that the New England system of free schools has been the cause and prolific source of all the legions of horrible infidelities and treasons that have turned her cities into Sodoms and Gomorrahs, and her fair land into the common nestling place of howling bedlamites. We abominate the system *because* the schools are *free*; and because they make that which ought to be the reward of toil, and earnest, ardent and almost superhuman individual effort, cheap, commonplace, prizeless and uninviting. As there is no *royal* road to learning, so there ought to be no *mob* road to learning.

A "little learning" is a dangerous thing—to the individual, to society, to learning itself, to all conservatism of thought and all stability in general affairs. The sole function of the free school is to supply that "little learning"; and thus, it is charged to the brim with incendiarisms, heresies and all the explosive elements which uproot and rend and desolate society.

Free schools are only another name for *Government* schools; and both natural and revealed law make it the duty of the parent to educate his children, and not the duty of government. It is as much the business of the father to instruct the mind of the child as to fill its belly; and it is no more the duty of government to furnish free education for children than free soup, free buttermilk or free bonnyclabber—no more its duty to furnish governesses and pedagogues than grannies, wet-nurses and baby-jumpers. It is the duty of parents to support and nurture their children; and if the task is a burden to them, they are apt to forego the having of children at all, which is much better than having children to be bundled off upon the cold charities of the public for nurture and instruction. It is alike their duty to educate their children in the rudiments of knowledge; and if they feel themselves unequal to the burden, in this case, too, they will be apt to forego the having of children. This responsibility of parents for their children is the well-spring of parental happiness, and every effort to divest them of it dries up the home affections, undermines the institution of the family, fills society with reprobate ruffians, and approximates the nature of the human species to that of the brutal and callous crocodile, which deposits its eggs upon the sand, leaves them to be hatched by the sun and the brood to be reared by the tender mercies of the elements. Care and anxiety are the sources of affection; and as you divest parents of these for their children, you cut the tie by which God has bound together the home circle. It is the duty of the parent to nurture and instruct his children, and it is the duty of the government to make the parent do this, as much for the parents' as the children's good. When you destroy the recollections of the child, the youth or the man for mother and for father, upon what an awful abyss of licentiousness and crime do you not launch him? Shall the State, in the name of benevolence or any other name under heaven, with iron grasp, tear the infant from *home*, father and mother, without incurring the vengeance of outraged Nature? Whom God has joined together let no man put asunder.

Our Virginia fathers established the best system of government which ever the wit of man conceived; and every departure from their system has involved us in labyrinths of trouble. They handed down to us three institutions as distinct as the Godhead, and each alike essential to the well-being of society. They hedged each of these institutions around with strong barriers, to prevent their mutual interference or entanglement; and in every instance in which modern "*reform*" has levelled one of these barriers, have we had deep and lasting reason to repent the vandal impiety and folly. These institutions are: 1, The Federal Government, charged with the entire and exclusive management of national affairs; 2, The State Government, charged with the entire and exclusive control of municipal affairs; 3, The domestic or plantation government, charged with the entire and exclusive management of domestic affairs. These three institutions—the Confederacy, the State and the Family—our fathers planted as distinct, independent, sovereign and sacred institutions. In proportion as we have restricted each within its sphere at the South have we enjoyed the blessings of peace, quiet, stability and conservatism. To the respect we have paid them at the South do we owe all those favourable conditions in our society which have distinguished our lot from that of the afflicted, beleaguered and bedeviled North. To the fact that the North have not appreciated or upheld *the family* institution, but allowed the *State* to invade it with free schools, anti-liquor laws, incorporated factories, and a thousand and one "*associations*," of males and of females, for a thousand and one specious and absurd purposes, are attributable all the social disorganization and demoralization which have blighted, as a moral sirocco, every square mile of its surface.

Terrible are the ravages and ruthless the inroads committed upon "The Family" by the improvements and empiricisms of the Northern States. Children look elsewhere than to their parents for the right of instruction, and sustain to them but the animal relation of pups to the bitch that has weaned them. The trades take off the boy to be reared by the taskmaster mechanic or to become an apprentice of the factory and a companion of the machine. The factory entices away the girl from genial and virtuous *home*, to become a stranger, a hireling, a sinner and an outcast. Who can tell what the end of these things shall be? We trust the South will fortify the family with ramparts ten-fold thicker than the walls of Sebastopol.

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Of course these objections apply only to *primary* schools at public expense. Colleges and universities require large and liberal endowment. This should be derived from private contribution as far as practicable, and afterwards, in needful cases, from the State. Our ruinous systems of trade and banking so exhaust Virginia of her resources, and so concentrate her wealth at the North, that it is vain to expect for her colleges those private contributions such as we daily hear of in behalf of Northern universities from their thousand millionaires. Alas! the "perfect" system of Virginia banking and trade makes our people as poor as our colleges; and these must get help from the State or give up the ghost.

Selections.

SLAVE-CATCHING IN BOSTON IN THE OLDEN TIME.

[The following sketch of the abduction of a slave from Boston, at a time prior to the present legal facilities for kidnapping, is from "*The Rag-Picker*," a novel lately published by Mason Brothers. It is claimed to be, in substance, a narrative of facts.]

LONG before the hour fixed upon by Taskem for his final departure from Boston, the name of the slave-hunter was upon the lips of hundreds of the residents of the west end of the town, and the "Guard of Vigilance" that had been hastily organized among the coloured residents was augmented, by very considerable numbers, before nightfall.

While this body of men were in secret conclave in a retired house in Belknap street—a gathering which, for the safer carrying out of the interests of those who were clandestinely engaged in its objects, was denominated a prayer-meeting—there stood at the door of the apartment where they were assembled, a stout negro, who scanned the faces of each and every one who came and went, receiving the second password from all incomers, as did another sable gentleman the first sign at the outside entrance.

One after another of the "friends" entered, and each in his turn gave the countersign and passes to the sturdy ushers. A single lamp burned dimly at the side of the large, low room, but a careful observer could readily discover, as he gazed about the apartment, that if the skins of the assemblage there were darker than ordinary, there were also the flashing eye, the firm lip, and the ardent bearing of more than three scores of *men*, whom it would be dangerous to oppose in a hand-to-hand struggle. RIGHT was upon their side, and they did not lose sight of this fact.

A gray-headed, well-dressed negro presided, and he offered an earnest prayer to Him who "created all men equal," craving the blessing of Almighty God upon all their doings. And then a hymn succeeded, in which the throng united, as with a single voice, executing a peculiarly melodious and touching chant, appropriate to the words chosen, and unlike anything else—soul-stirring and beautiful to the highest degree.

Just as the song was concluded, a negro came up to the outer door, and, like the rest of the company, placing his mouth to the key-hole, he whispered "*Duroc.*" The door instantly opened, and he passed on. When challenged by the second usher, he replied "*Right and Justice*"; and the conductor inquired of him "*What's o'clock?*" to which he answered, "*Always ready.*"

He was admitted into the secret circle without hesitation, having given the pass-words accurately, and he became a quiet and an attentive listener to what was transpiring. After a little delay, he contributed his own mite, humbly, to the debate, and informed the company of what none of them knew up to the moment of his announcing the intelligence, to wit—that Nappo would be taken away the following *evening*, at sunset, by way of Roxbury, thence to Providence and New York, and so South and West by land, to his future home in Tennessee.

A hurried and excited consultation succeeded this announcement. Plans and counter-plans were suggested and overruled and changed, while the stranger, who was evidently a fast friend to this "committee," and who seemed well informed of what was going on, contrived to impress upon the consideration of the "brethren" assembled the necessity of their concentrating in force along the line of the "Neck," where the carriage that contained the fugitive would inevitably pass, and from which he proposed they should rescue Nappo at the moment when his guard would probably feel secure of their prey, and would not be prepared for the contemplated attack.

With some slight modifications, the suggestions of "Brother Brown" were at length agreed upon, and the company broke up, after appointing several sub-committees of observation for the night and the following day.

Not the slightest suspicion was excited toward Mr. Brown, who comported himself respectfully and modestly, and who conversed accurately in the occasional broken negro tongue (for he had dwelt among the race all his life), and he retired with the rest, after joining in the concluding hymn and prayer, with seemingly zealous devotion, and deep outward sympathy.

Amid the excitement and the darkness, the villain's mask, so cunningly adjusted, and his address, so admirably carried out, were unobserved and unsuspected. Yet this self-styled Mr. Brown, who had, by some extraordinary means, obtained a knowledge of the pass-words, and who was now thoroughly advised of the plans of Nappo's friends, while, at the same time, he had arranged everything to tally with his own future purposes, was none other than the wily and heartless rogue—Ralph Taskem, of Tennessee!

But his dupes knew nothing at all of this! They conferred with him in good faith, believing the stranger to be "true as steel" to the cause; he therefore had them at singular disadvantage, and he went forth instanter to profit by it.

At *daybreak* on the following morning everything had been put in readiness for Nappo's departure, and the route *early* chosen for his retreat was over the Mill-Dam road, and thence to Dedham, where the little party purposed to take the regular mail-coach to Providence. This plan would give Taskem at least twelve hours' start upon the false scheme announced to the committee on the previous night, and would be all-sufficient for his purpose of escape. At that hour the "guard" would not be so likely to be on the alert, and the difference in the route was something in his favour.

Accordingly, at early sunrise the carriage was summoned, and, everything having been previously prepared in anticipation of whatever might turn up at the last moment, Nappo was hurried out of his cell, thrust into the vehicle at the prisen door. Taskem jumped in behind him, two officers in the service of the United States Government followed quickly upon his heels, and at the word away rolled the hack at a rapid rate toward the "Western avenue."

"Whar you gwine!" shouted Nappo, as he was hastily pressed forward into the carriage. "Wot you gwine to do wid me?"

"Hush your noise!" yelled Taskem, throwing aside all further disguise, and drawing a double-barreled pistol from his coat-pocket. "Yer my lawful property *now*, an' I've a mind to knock yer dam head in fer givin' me the trouble yer have, a'ready. W'en I get yer whar yer b'long, look out, d'yer hear? I'll teach yer that it arn't such pooty work to be runnin' round after a dam mis'able nigger as yer may cal'late, in this country. Shet yer infernal ugly jaw up, now, or I'll break a hole in yer cussed thick skull, that oughter bin smashed for yer fifteen year ago!"

This ebullition sufficed to quiet poor Nappo effectually, for he had not forgotten his *early education* among this class of gentlemen, where the first ten years of his life had been passed, though he kept all this scrupulously to himself. But, as he came out of the jail, a trio of the "guard" discovered the movement.

The bulk of the watchers, unfortunately, were two miles away! The line of Washington street was well provided for, the most of the friends having been stationed in that direction secretly; but around the old Court-House, and along the hill over which they *really* intended to pass, the *ruse* of Taskem had provided for, and but few of Nappo's friends were in sight there.

But the alarm was instantly given. The three negroes who discovered what was transpiring instantly gave out the signal agreed upon, and the early-rising residents of Common and Beacon and Park streets were suddenly startled by the shout of "Duroc! Duroc! Duroc!" from the lungs of half a score of men, who dashed madly along the streets, apparently in hot pursuit of some person or other, who was fleeing before them.

As the coloured men mounted the hill fronting the State-House, from the eastward, a carriage hove in sight from above Somerset street, and the cry of "Duroc!—here he comes! Duroc! Duroc!" grew more frequent and more emphatic. A dozen stout men dashed toward the flying vehicle, seizing the horses by their heads, and at once arresting the progress of the carriage.

By this time sundry white men, too, from the neighbouring houses, had turned out to see what caused the disturbance; and as the vehicle was stopped, they ran to the spot to ascertain what was going on. Taskem sprang out of the carriage, pistol in hand, and Nappo was instantly dragged from the vehicle by the stout hands of a brace of his friends. The slave-hunter quickly knocked the foremost of the rescuers to the earth, and the officers followed his example by grounding more, and at the same moment retaking Nappo from the hands of his friends.

The rescuers were in earnest, however, and again they seized poor Nappo, while a severe struggle was going on between the remainder of the blacks and such white stragglers as chanced to come up, all of whom were summarily ordered "in the name of the law" to aid the officers in maintaining the statute, and in securing their prisoner.

The fight was animated, and some unpleasant blows passed—the suffering negro-fugitive receiving his full share of hard knocks, from friends and foes, amid the excited *mêlée*.

For an instant, Nappo was triumphantly dragged to the side of the street, in the arms of his crazy, but well-meaning, friends. Then he as suddenly found himself going backward, heels over head, toward the open carriage. Now he was upon the ground, with the heels of twenty enraged men trampling furiously over his body. Then he was dragged to his feet suddenly—shoved forward headlong—then grasped from behind and thrown from side to side—now here, now there; but in spite of his best efforts to be heard, could effect nothing whatever.

Mr. Ralph Taskem was handled without gloves! On every side he met with buffets and blows. His pistol was unloaded, as it happened. The weapon was wrested from his hand as he left the carriage, and from time to time, as he came forward to assist in securing Nappo, he was severely beaten by the rude crowd. But he fought valiantly, and with a zeal worthy a better cause.

Meantime, poor Nappo could be seen, torn first in one direction and then in the opposite, bleeding, and shouting, and weeping, until at last scarcely a single rag of clothing was left upon him, save his shoes and stockings, so violent had been the struggle of which he was personally the object.

Taskem and the officers, assisted by the driver, and such persons as chose to fall in upon their side, were anxious to force Nappo back into the carriage. The fugitive's friends were equally desirous that he should be got out of their hands, and that he should be afforded the opportunity to flee, which he would have done right gladly, had he been able to effect this very desirable object.

But they struggled in vain; and Nappo, worn out with the rough usage he had received, and completely beaten out and exhausted with pulling, and hauling, and trampling, found himself suddenly pressed forward, and, entering the carriage once more, with Taskem and the two deputies behind him, he resigned himself to his fate, as the horses again dashed away at a mad gallop, down Beaver street, followed by a few coloured men, who shouted and ran themselves out of breath, toward the Mill-Dam road, and then returned, panting with rage and excitement, and the violence of the unnatural exercise, and all to no good purpose.

A CENTENARIAN COLOURED PREACHER.

SEVERAL years ago, the Rev. Dr. Krebs, in a discourse in the Rutgers Street Church, made the following interesting remarks relative to the Rev. Andrew Marshall, the coloured Baptist Minister of Savannah, who is in about the hundredth year of his age.

"On the first Lord's day in May, I was in the city of Savannah, on my way to the General Assembly. After preaching in the morning for the Rev. Dr. Preston, of the Independent Presbyterian Church, I attended in the afternoon, in company with a respected ruling elder of the First Presbyterian Church, and several other Christian friends who were lodging in the same hotel, the worship in the First African Baptist Church, which is under the care of Andrew Marshall, who is celebrated for his great age, his long evangelical labours, and his genuine Christian eloquence. On entering the church, which is a neat substantial structure, accommodating about, I suppose, eight hundred to a thousand persons, we were conducted to the pews reserved for white visitors, in the middle tier (immediately in front of the pulpit), which were occupied by some twenty or twenty-five white persons. The house was crowded in every part with coloured people, whose neat and appropriate dress and decorous behaviour could not be surpassed by any congregation. It happened to be the communion service, and the exercises were just beginning with a hymn, which was nobly read by the pastor, and nobly sung by the people. The venerable minister was seated under the pulpit, only a few feet from us. His locks were gray with age, but his form was apparently hale and robust, though the furrows were in his cheeks. As he rose to offer prayer he steadied himself upon his cane, while gradually he attained an erect position, every feature and every limb trembling, it may be not more with the weight of years than with powerful emotion. The prayer, uttered with clear articulation and with a strong voice, was somewhat long, but it was rich with Christian thought and feeling, appropriate in expression, and attracted the sympathy of the worshippers. The aged man of God proceeded with an address bearing upon the special service in which we were engaged. He made a modest remark in reference to his own illiteracy; but although there was here and there a quaintness and homeliness of expression, neither out of place nor out of taste, which, nevertheless, I could not here repeat without exciting a smile, was not for a moment deficient in force or devotion, nor left any other impression than that of deep and tender solemnity. And if the preacher modestly estimated his own ability, it was clear to his hearers that he was 'a man of one book,' mighty in the Scriptures, and taught of God. The subject of his address was the indispensable importance of the death of Christ, and the astonishing results which it accomplished. There might occasionally seem to be, to a very fastidious critic, a slight incoherence or fragmentary observation; but it was not so; there was a clear, full, consistent vein of thought running throughout the whole.

"I do not attempt to give more than a specimen of his utterance. Referring to the promise of the Saviour's coming couched in the declaration, 'As often as ye do eat this bread and drink this cup, ye show the Lord's death till he come,' he said: 'My beloved brethren, when I read this promise my poor trembling heart sometimes sinks within me. The Lord shall be revealed in all the grace and glory of the Redeemer and the King; but these aged eyes of mine will not continue their sight until that day. I am a hundred years old, and these tottering limbs of mine shall be laid in the dust, ere that bright vision shall gladden the face of his redeemed people. But I check myself and rebuke my impatient fear. Do I not read in the sure promise, that though I sleep in the dust of the earth I shall lose nothing of the perfect grace that is to be brought to us at the revelation of Jesus Christ, even because *he* shall lose nothing of all that the Father hath given him, for he shall raise us up at the last day. Thy dead body shall arise in the vigour and immortality wherein it shall be fashioned like the glorified body of Jesus. And these dull ears shall hear the archangel's trump, and these dim eyes shall see the King in his glory, as clearly and to as good advantage as any that shall be alive and remain upon the earth to hail that glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ?' Could anything have been more inspiriting, more adapted to rouse up the faith and hope of the believer?

"Again, in allusion to the plotting of the great adversary to destroy Christ, he said: 'At last he succeeded. He was nailed to his cross in agony and shame. Satan had bruised his heel, and thought that he had crushed his head. The fool! It was his own head that was broken then, and he has been a fool ever since; and the proof of all his wicked madness and folly in compassing the death of Christ became apparent. It was Christ that triumphed then, and spoiled the spoiler. The thief was rescued from the kingdom of darkness. The heathen centurion acknowledged the Son of God. His death multiplied his disciples. The thousands of Pentecost bowed before the salvation of the cross. Myriads upon myriads that no man can number have been delivered from the kingdom of Satan and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son. That great salvation has made its way through the world; its blessed fruits are gathered abundantly on these western shores. Our skins are dark, but our souls are washed white in the blood of the Lamb. Nor is he the propitiation for our sins only. My brethren, the time was in this city, and through the Southern country, when you would scarcely ever see the face of our white masters in a house of prayer; but how is it now? How many of those to whom we are subject in the flesh have recognised our common Master in heaven, and *they are our masters no longer*. They are fellow heirs with us of the grace of life. They sit with us at the same table of our common Lord. They are our friends, our brethren, our guardians, our fathers; and we are travelling together to that blessed land where we shall dwell together in the presence of Jesus Christ, their Lord and ours.'

"Who could not but be affected with Gospel eloquence like this; and my only regret was this—when the old man was surrounded by the deacons, some ten in number, a body of fine looking men, the most of them intensely black, to receive from him the elements for distribution, I felt a pang, because I supposed the Baptist principle of close communion would exclude me from sharing in the feast of love. But this apprehension was quickly dissipated. Before proceeding to distribute, the aged servant of God announced that that was not a Baptist table, but Christ's table, and that all who loved him were welcome there. And when the bread and wine was handed round, first to the white occupants of the pews, all of whom appeared to be communicants in Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Baptist, Dutch Reformed, Methodist, and perhaps Episcopal Churches, and then to the six hundred coloured communicants—as devout and tender as any congregation I ever saw—I declare to you, brethren, that never to you in this place did I administer these emblems of my Saviour's love, nor never did I receive them from the hands of other ministers of Christ, whatsoever canonical or apostolical authority ordained, with greater joy than I received them, that day, from the trembling hands of that poor, bowed down, weeping *negro* minister of Jesus Christ.

"The service continued about two hours and a half, consisting variously of hymns, prayers, reading the Scriptures, and exhortation; and it was all conducted by Mr. Marshall. But it was not long nor tedious. It was refreshment by the way, and food and strength for many days. And when, at the close, as the assembly orderly broke up, yet seeming loth to part with each other, I went forward to introduce myself to this aged father. I could rejoice as speaking through tears with steady, cheerful voice and happy heart, we exchanged the mutual prayer that it might be ours with all the Israel of God, at our next probable meeting, to sit down together with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, in the kingdom of God, at the marriage supper, when the Lamb himself shall preside."—*Presbyterian.*

THE OLD DOMINION GROWING OLDER.

SENILITY surely is creeping all over the Mother of Statesmen. Second childhood has attacked her brain as well as her muscles, and her conduct is passionate and weak to an extent that has rarely disfigured civil old age.

The Old Dominion's General Assembly is in session. It should have met to devise measures to promote the common weal. But first among its acts was a resolution instructing the Committee for Courts of Justice so to amend the penal code in relation to the abduction of slaves as to punish those convicted thereof *with death*, and the forfeiture of all the property employed in the act. How the old State hugs the poison that instils death into her veins! She would kill her white labourers, who set free her enslaved black labourers. She industrially fires both ends of her candle.

Garrulous and short of memory, she ordered, in the next minute, a joint committee of thirteen of her Delegates and seven of her Senators, to devise "more effectual means" to prevent the escape of her slaves to the North, and to provide summary punishment of all persons detected in aiding and abetting such escapes. Thou old mother, rejuvenescence to thee and thine would come in that hour when every African within thy borders ran utterly out of sight, and was gone forever, leaving you, your sons and your daughters, nothing but your soil, your cattle and the hard necessity of hard work. How richly could you afford to exchange your slavery for the freedom of your now manacled industry!

Progressive in folly and weakness, the Old Dominion, in the same hour, and by mouthpiece of her son, Garnett, of Essex, determined that that imposing committee of twenty, vigilant to counteract the African tendency to cut dirt o' night time, and to follow the North star, should "inquire into the expediency of measures of retaliation and self-defence against such of the Northern States as are engaged in a war upon our institutions."

Even to give the Legislature of the Old Dominion opportunity to testify their faith in the Jeffersonian philosophy, which declared that God had created men equal, and to bear witness unto that Democracy which she claims ever to have been the exemplar of, Delegate Eggborn presented a report in favour of a bill providing for the "voluntary enslavement of Dangerfield, a man of colour, emancipated by the last will of Margaret Miller, deceased, of the County of Culpepper." And the senile mother of republican statesmen will actually take the poor African at his word, and prostitute the legislative function in America to the conversion of a free man into a chattel slave. Older and more decrepid, weaker and more passionate, will this Virginia mother become, in her suicidal work of nursing slavery and fighting Freedom.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

WASHINGTON SHARING HIS BLANKET WITH A NEGRO.

[The following anecdote we find in Nell's "Coloured Patriots of the American Revolution," where it is credited to Godey's *Lady's Book*, and to the pen of the Rev. Henry F. Harrington.]

THROUGHOUT the Revolutionary war, Primus Hall was the body servant of Col. Pickering, of Massachusetts. He was free and communicative, and delighted to sit down with an interested listener and pour out those stories of absorbing and exciting anecdotes with which his memory was stored.

It is well known that there was no officer in the whole American army whose memory was dearer to Washington, and whose counsel was more esteemed by him, than that of the honest and patriotic Col. Pickering. He was on intimate terms with him, and unbosomed himself to him with as little reserve as, perhaps, to any confidant in the army. Whenever he was stationed within such a distance as to admit of it, he passed many hours with the Colonel, consulting him upon anticipated measures, and delighting in his reciprocated friendship.

Washington was therefore often brought into contact with the servant of Col. Pickering, the departed Primus. An opportunity was afforded to the negro to note him, under circumstances very different from those in which he is usually brought before the public, and which possess, therefore, a striking charm. I remember two of these anecdotes from the mouth of Primus. One of them is very slight, indeed, yet so peculiar as to be replete with interest. The authenticity of both may be fully relied upon.

Washington once came to Col. Pickering's quarters, and found him absent.

"It is no matter," said he to Primus; "I am greatly in need of exercise. You must help me to get some before your master returns."

Under Washington's directions the negro busied himself in some simple preparations. A stake was driven into the ground about breast high, a rope tied to it, and then Primus was desired to stand at some distance and hold it horizontally extended. The boys, the country over, are familiar with this plan of getting sport. With true boyish zest Washington ran forward and backward for some time, jumping over the rope as he came and went, until he expressed himself satisfied with the "exercise."

Repeatedly afterward, when a favourable opportunity offered, he would say: "Come, Primus, I am in need of exercise"; whereat the negro would drive down the stake, and Washington would jump over the rope until he had exerted himself to his content.

On the second occasion, the great General was engaged in earnest consultation with Col. Pickering in his tent until after the night had fairly set in. Headquarters were at a considerable distance, and Washington signified his preference to staying with the Colonel over night, provided he had a spare blanket and straw.

"O yes," said Primus, who was appealed to; "plenty of straw and blankets—plenty."

Upon this assurance Washington continued his conference with the Colonel until it was time to retire to rest. Two humble beds were spread, side by side, in the tent, and the officers laid themselves down, while Primus seemed to be busy with duties that required his attention before he himself could sleep. He worked, or appeared to work, until the breathing of the prostrate gentlemen satisfied him that they were sleeping; and then, seating himself upon a box or stool, he leaned his head on his hands to obtain such repose as so inconvenient a position would allow. In the middle of the night Washington awoke. He looked about and descried the negro as he sat. He gazed at him a while, and then spoke.

"Primus!" said he, calling; "Primus!"

Primus started up and rubbed his eyes. "What, General?" said he.

Washington rose up in his bed. "Primus," said he, "what did you mean by saying that you had blankets and straw enough? Here you have given up your blanket and straw to me, that I may sleep comfortably, while you are obliged to sit through the night."

"It's nothing, General," said Primus. "It's nothing. I'm well enough. Don't trouble yourself about me, General, but go to sleep again. No matter about me. I sleep very good."

"But it is matter—it is matter," said Washington, earnestly. "I cannot do it, Primus. If either is to sit up, I will. But I think there is no need of either sitting up. The blanket is wide enough for two. Come and lie down here with me."

"O no, General!" said Primus, starting, and protesting against the proposition. "No; let me sit here. I'll do very well on the stool."

"I say, come and lie down here!" said Washington, authoritatively. "There is room for both, and I insist upon it!"

He threw open the blanket as he spoke, and moved to one side of the straw. Primus professes to have been exceedingly shocked at the idea of lying under the same covering with the Commander-in-Chief, but his tone was so resolute and determined that he could not hesitate. He prepared himself, therefore, and laid himself down by Washington, and on the same straw, and under the same blanket, the General and the negro servant slept until morning.

ZEAL OF SOUTHERN POLITICIANS FOR THE UNION.

From The Providence Journal.

EVERYBODY remembers an anecdote, long current, of a worthy citizen of Providence, who was distinguished rather for the strength of his theoretical orthodoxy than for its practical development in his walk and conversation, and who held the office of committee man in one of our Baptist churches. He had been much troubled at the doubtful sentiments preached by several clergymen from abroad, who had disturbed the even current of doctrine, not exactly by new tenets, but by some new applications of old and well settled ones.

One day a member of the church came to him, and asked his consent to open the meeting-house for a preacher from abroad, who wished to hold forth in the evening, at early candle light. The consent of the other members of the committee had been obtained, and his only was wanting.

"I don't know," said he; "I don't know about letting everybody that comes along into our meeting-house. Who is this man?"

"A very worthy man, and an excellent preacher."

"I don't care about that; but is he orthodox? Is he orthodox?"

"Perfectly orthodox, one of the regular, old-fashioned, Roger Williams Baptists."

"Well, if you are sure of that, he may preach; but I have made up my mind, as a Christian man, that I will not have any more of this d—— false doctrine preached in our pulpit."

The watchful regard which some of our Southern brethren keep over the Union reminds us of the pious hero of this anecdote. Men who have been in the daily habit of denouncing the Union, men who are sufficiently disunionists to be elected in South Carolina—and that is about as strong a case as can be put—are, all at once, exercised with a wonderful regard for the Union, when anybody except themselves, or those in the interest of their own peculiar line of disunion, speaks of it in the tone which they themselves habitually employ. These are the men who can see great danger to the Union because the hundred supporters of Mr. Banks will not give up to a minority, but who can praise the few mal-contents, whose refusal to join with either party, or to withdraw and let the two chief parties fight it out, is the real cause of the delay and disorganization. These men have been plotting and working for the dissolution of the Union, have proclaimed in newspapers, and in speeches, and in political conventions, that if the Union stood in the way of slavery, it ought to be broken up; and now they pounce upon Mr. Banks's "let the Union slide," which meant about as much as his speeches usually do, and hold it up as though it was a new treason; and express their unqualified horror that a man should say what they have been saying all the time.

TWO PORTRAITS.

Par nobile fratrum.

I.—DAVID ATCHISON.

THE New York *Times* presents the following true picture of this favourite of the Administration—the third member of the firm of Pierce, Douglas, Atchison and Stringfellow:

"Comparative physiology has no difficulty in classifying such characters as that of the ex-President of the Senate. He belongs to a species familiar to all residents in the West. They are found in every bar-room, and turn up inevitably at political meetings or the County Court. They are usually small lawyers, of Democratic professions and vile habits; affecting vulgarity of dress, manners and association, in order to rid themselves of any suspicions of aristocratic pretension, against which the unhewn and unkempt sons of the prairie have an implacable prejudice. They may be seen loitering from their log offices to the blacksmith shop, or the 'squire's, or the tavern, stockingless, shoes down at heel, coatless, a huge quid of tobacco in the cheek, or a cigar flaming from one corner of the mouth. They may be heard swaggering and blustering wherever a lazy village audience can be gathered together, unsparing in profanity, and as ready with a blow or a bowie-knife as with the tongue. Their practice is more extensive at the bar-room and the barrel than as barristers. They take the only daily paper received in the town, and are on hand to read it, when the mail arrives, to an admiring audience, who accept the text and the running commentary of the village politician with equal docility. They can talk, and are, therefore, delegates to all sorts of conventions; they can quarrel, and are, therefore, the men to 'stump' a District or the State, as disputants, Western-wise, where opposing candidates hunt for votes in couples. The only capital needed for entire success in the trade is impudence, volubility, blackguardism, profanity, drunkenness, ferocity and the reverse of any picture representative of a gentleman; and so qualified, the frontier lawyer and politician is a rising man.

"And such a man is this Atchison—a poor specimen of the class, however, because wholly void of that talent which is not one of its rarest characteristics. We can recall no record of any public man so destitute of merit as his. Noisy and brawling in the lobby, he has been noteless for anything wise or well-said in the Senate Chamber. The *Congressional Globe* would have helped his fame by leaving blanks after each recurrence of his name. His presence indeed is a perpetual tribute to the long-suffering of the Senate. It has experience of small men. Pettit, of Indiana, has been there, small in name and kind; Norris, of New Hampshire, was there. Men have been there, like Jarnegin, of Tennessee, whose luckless vote on the Tariff killed him and it—whose good name has been sold for nothing; blockheads and bullies have been there, like Borland—a human extract of both; and mean men have been there, like that Pennsylvania statesman whose devotion to railroad speculation contributed to the loss of Kansas and Nebraska to freedom. But the history of the Senate records no instance where it has enjoyed the society and sweet counsel of a member so thoroughly accomplished in little, mean, stupid, ruffianly attributes as this frontier pettifogger."

II.—W. A. RICHARDSON.

From The Cleveland Leader.

We have rarely found so much truth in so few words as in the following pithy extracts from our little contemporary, the *Clevelander*:

"There are but two higher offices on earth than that of Speaker of the House of Representatives of the American Congress; and yet the man who, for a few days, has received the most votes for that position was W. A. Richardson, of Illinois. We met that Mr. Richardson last Summer on Lake Superior, and found him to be a six-foot bully, dirty in person, blackguard in language, drunken in habit, and, in short, just such a man as could not obtain admission to any Cleveland residence of respectability. Should he be elected, it would be a disgrace to humanity, to the Union, and to republicanism; and an evidence that republics are not only 'ungrateful,' but shameless.

"And this is Mr. Douglas's man *Friday*; the immaculate mover of the Nebraska Bill; the man whom the Locofocos wish to elect to the office of Speaker of the House of Representatives! We verily believe that the standard of morality among the leaders of that party is becoming lower and lower every day. How long will public sentiment tolerate such men?"

The Chicago *Citizen*, in an article referring to Mr. would-be-Speaker Richardson, as portrayed by the *Clevelander*, says: "He may be dirty and a blackguard, and a drunken, coarse fellow, but these characteristics are popular with the Democracy; they like such things all the better for them. Were he clean, and decent, and temperate, and intellectual, they would think him an Abolitionist, or a Know-Nothing, and hate him. A dirty shirt, a mouth full of tobacco and oaths, a stomach full of whiskey, and a bottle in his pocket, are worth more to an Illinois Locofoco politician than all the fine residences in Cleveland would be." Such are the men who would make apotheosis of a little drunken blackguard named Douglas. Such are the men who call all

cussed, either they are dozing and do not wish to awake or else they have no faith in their doctrine and fear to have it explored.

Nothing more can be required to prove that an institution needs serious investigation than that its managers are unwilling to have its affairs examined and discussed. Where its officers are close-mouthed and dignified; where its friends answer facts and arguments by lifting up their hands in horror of discussion, and go about deprecating agitation, praising peace, longing for peace, praying for peace, it is high time to bring them to a rigorous account. It ought to be enough to condemn any measure or institution, that it is unwilling to bear examination. There is not a thing on earth so good that it does not need vigilant scrutiny.

Neither is it for the institution itself to say how often or how closely examination shall be made. It should be made just as often as there is any sensitiveness among its managers, and until the community from whence it draws its support are entirely satisfied. And if such a course tends to undermine the confidence of the community in an institution, then that effect is conclusive of the necessity which there was of fiery, trying and rigorous searching.

There never will be peace while there is wrong. There never will be peace so long as liberty of speech is abbreviated or punished. And wherever discussion becomes odious, tyranny is not far off.

But, on the other hand, every Christian who is called to the work of discussion, or controversy, should feel himself specially required to put on the whole armour of God. The apostle directs us to contend earnestly for the faith, but not quarrelsomely, not angrily. "Nay, we are commanded in meekness to instruct those who oppose themselves, and to speak the truth *in love*. All irritating sharpness, all questions or imputations of motives, all anger and ungracious violence is to be laid aside. Every good cause deserves not alone good arguments from its defenders, but the glory of a noble spirit. Nothing is more offensive to the spirit of Christianity than the unfairness often witnessed among Christian writers, the disposition to take advantage of an antagonist, the suppression of whatever might do him good, the exaggeration of whatever might damage him, the attempt to misrepresent, and, especially, that spirit which is willing to abridge the liberty of reply.

We are sorry to believe that Christian men have as yet formed less honourable canons upon these matters than men of the world, and the columns of religious newspapers have exhibited as flagrant breaches of truth, honour, and generosity, as can anywhere be found.—*H. W. Beecher, in The Independent.*

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING AT LEEDS.

From The (London) Anti-Slavery Advocate.

On the evening of Monday, December 10th, 1855, a public meeting was held in the large School-room of Belgrave Chapel, for the purpose of enlisting the sympathies of the public against slavery in the United States, and more especially to bring the weight of the religious bodies of England to bear upon the churches of America in order to induce them to declare against slavery in that country. The meeting was well attended; and the gentlemen on the platform included Parker Pillsbury, Esq., agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society; the Rev. E. Mathews, Baptist Minister, Wisconsin; The Rev. G. W. Conder (Independent), the Rev. Thomas Sturgeon (Episcopalian), the Rev. Thomas Hicks (Unitarian), Hamilton Richardson, Esq., J. Lupton, Esq., F. A. Payn, Esq., Wilson Armistead, Esq., the Rev. E. Hall (Unitarian), and Messrs. J. Andrew, Jr., W. Heaton, T. Harvey, &c., &c.

Mr. Alderman John Wilson was called to the chair, and said he took it in the absence of those who had been expected to preside that evening, as he did not think it right to decline taking an active part in so good a cause. Although England had abolished slavery in her own Colonies, she had much more to do in convincing other countries of the unchristian practice, the cruelty, and the impolicy of the system. With American slavery the chief difficulty of the Abolitionists was the countenance given to the unholy system by some of their Christian churches. So long as this continued, they would in vain endeavour to do away with slavery in that country. But if they could enlist the sympathies of the religious bodies of America, then, and then only, would slavery in America fall to pieces like a rope of sand (applause). To enlist these sympathies was the chief object of the present meeting (hear, hear).

The Rev. E. Mathews said that he had returned to England, after nineteen years' residence in the United States, twelve of which had been devoted to pleading the cause of the slave. He gave the reason why, in his opinion, the question of American slavery should be discussed in England, including the common origin of the people of both countries, and the fact that both are Protestant nations. Illustrating his remarks by a large map, he reviewed the Federal and States' Governments in America, and then stated that sixteen of the States are free from the curse of slavery, whilst fifteen are slaveholding. Adult slaves realize about £200 in the market; boys and girls fetch from £30 to £50; and infants are sometimes bought by the pound. The free State of Pennsylvania is divided from the slave States of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia by an imaginary line running from the Atlantic Ocean to the Ohio river. That river divides the free States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, from the slave States of Virginia and Kentucky. The majority of the slaves are within 300 miles of some one of these free States. In Canada, north of the free States, are about 60,000 refugee slaves. The slaveholders, numbering about 250,000, ruled not only three millions and a half of slaves, but, with an iron hand, six millions of non-slaveholders in the slave States, and fourteen millions of non-slaveholders in the free States. To a great extent they controlled the social circle, the commercial classes, the political parties, and the religious bodies of the free States. Their chief power, however, was by directing the religious element. In the United States were three millions of church members, and more than twenty thousand ministers. Chapels abounded everywhere. Illustrative of the sanction which each denomination was giving to slavery, he subsequently read the following statistics:

Denominations.	Ministers.	Members.	Slaves.
Protestant Episcopalians,	1,504	73,000	88,000
Presbyterians,	4,571	490,259	77,000
Baptists,	8,018	948,867	226,000
Methodists,	6,000	1,250,000	219,563
Other denominations,	3,514	580,196	50,080
Total,	23,607	3,292,322	660,563

The number of slaves held by Independents was not accurately known. That body had but few churches in the slave States; perhaps fifty. Each church admitted slaveholders to membership, except eight in Kentucky. Those established by the Rev. J. G. Fee, the son of a slaveholding Presbyterian, made slaveholding a disqualification for membership; but, at the largest Convention of this body ever held, it not only refused to make slaveholding a disqualification for its mission churches, but refused to censure the Fugitive Slave law. The sanction which the popular religious bodies, North as well as South, gave to slavery induced many to secede and form anti-slavery religious bodies. Hence were organized the American Baptist Free Mission Society, the Free Presbyterians, the Wesleyan Methodists, and the Missionary Association, each having its press and agents, and aiming to diffuse an anti-slavery religion. The first named Society was that which he (Mr. Mathews) represented. It published a large weekly newspaper, urging the churches to have no connection with slavery. It established a college open to coloured as well as white students, now attended by more than one hundred students. It sent teachers and missionaries to the refugee slaves in Canada, and under its commission he had visited Virginia and Kentucky.

Parker Pillsbury, Esq., spoke forcibly and eloquently against the slavery of the United States, and warmly advocated the pressing forward of any and every measure calculated to wipe out that foul blot on America's otherwise fair escutcheon. He chiefly directed his remarks to exposing the pro-slavery character of nearly all the American churches and great religious associations; and enforced in powerful arguments, backed by documentary evidence, the lamentable fact that slavery in America owes its continued existence more to the influence of religious bodies in that country than to the laws and Constitutions of the States themselves. The most powerful religious association in the United States was the American Board of Missions; next to it stood the American Bible Society and the American Tract Society, all of which were supported by the leading men of the various religious denominations. At great length he reviewed the operations of these Societies, and showed that the Board of Missions in its own documents proved its pro-slavery character; that it had introduced the slave laws of the Southern States amongst the Indians, thus converting the Cherokees, the Choctaws and the Sioux to Christianity, but at the same time forcing upon them the horrible and brutalizing doctrines inseparable from slaveholding; and that its chief Secretary had publicly declared, in answer to an appeal from the Southern States, that the Board were astonished that anybody could have supposed them capable of regarding slaveholding or slave-trading as a disciplinary offence. Prior to their conversion, the Cherokees and the Chocktaws had regarded all men as free, and would not recognise the right of one man to hold another as a chattel; but the American Board of Missions "converted" them, not to the Christianity of the Bible, but to the Christianity of the American pro-slavery church, which taught that man might brutalize and chattelize his fellow-man, thus compassing sea and land to make proselytes, who, when made such, became more children of hell than they were before (applause). He then pointed to the operations of the American Bible and Tract Societies, and declared that they had ever been found on the side of the slaveholder, and the enemies of the slave. With these revolting principles and doctrines, the American Board of Missions had actually come to England, and endeavoured to ally itself with the churches of this country. That Board, carefully concealing its slaveholding convictions, appealed for aid for its Turkish Missions. That Board, which had planted slaveholding churches, and brought its mighty influence to check the anti-slavery movement, asked the churches of England to place themselves under its wing, to hand over to it their money and their means for evangelising the Turks. Would the Christian men and women do this? Alas, the Board had already succeeded in raising £1,000 from the friends of missions in England, by pretending that the association was anti-slavery in its character and operations. But now that the truth was come out—now that the imposture was unmasked—would the Christian people of England fling their anti-slavery principles to the winds, and with open arms receive these upholders of slavery, these defenders of the slaveholder? (Applause.) Mr. Pillsbury concluded by an earnest appeal to the religious bodies of England to speak out boldly against American slavery, and to tell their minds freely to those Churches and religious associations of America who countenanced and encouraged the slaveholding system of that country (applause).

The Rev. G. W. Conder proposed the following resolution:

"That we have heard with surprise and deep regret of the connection of the great religious bodies of the United States with slavery; many of their members, and ministers even, being slave-traders and slaveholders; and the bodies not only refusing to testify against the system, but openly apologizing for it, misinterpreting the Bible in its support, mutilating the literature of the country for the same purpose, and planting churches among the heathen, where slavery (with its ignorance, its cruelty, its abrogation of marriage, with all social joys and civil rights) is believed in and practised by the new converts. That we regard such deeds and doctrines as a libel on Christianity; and, in the name of Him who came to preach deliverance to the captive, we must protest against them, fully approving the course taken by those brethren who have separated themselves wholly from any participation in a system so fatal and destructive to the temporal and eternal interests of man."

He denounced in eloquent terms the slave system of America, and declared that he would rather resign his pastorate than allow Mr. Cuthbert Young, or any other pro-slavery minister, to enter his pulpit for the purpose of advocating the claims of the American Board of Missions (applause).

Mr. Hamilton Richardson seconded the resolution, and contended that if it was a duty to send missionaries to heathen lands to teach men what is true, and right, and just, how much more was it a duty to instruct aright those who might be regarded as of our own kindred; and that it was the duty of every man, when he saw wrong done to lift up his voice and protest against it (applause).

The Rev. Thomas Hicks proposed a vote of thanks to Messrs. Pillsbury and Mathews, and wished them success in their efforts to bring about the speedy downfall of slavery; the Rev. Thomas Sturgeon seconded the motion, and the resolution was carried unanimously. The proceedings terminated shortly before ten o'clock.

KANSAS PRO-SLAVERY YARNS.

Correspondence of Bennett's Herald.

Shawnee Mission, K. T., Dec. 27, 1855.

We have some two or three pro-slavery yarns, which, as they are veritable facts, and withal nuts to crack for the Abolitionists, may as well come in here.

We are assured that the standard of the pro-slavery company which marched to the seat of war from Jackson County, Mo., was carried by a slave—a slave, born and bred and dyed in the wool—in short, what Henry Ward Beecher would elegantly style "a long heeled, thick lipped, flat-nosed and kidney-headed specimen of the benighted and down-trodden sons of Africa"—who, nevertheless, marched gallantly in the van, bearing aloft the banner of pro-slavery, and armed *cap-a-pie*. Poor deluded fellow! he did n't know they "want a going" to shed their life's blood for his benefit; and this is what these terrible pro-slavery chaps call "putting the seeds of dissension in their lead!" Well, it does look like it; but we object to this procedure—it was taking an unfair advantage of the Abolitionists. Where were the seeds of dissension on their side? Who should have led on their Sharpe's rifles and revolvers to do or die? Where were Greeley and Beecher, Parker and Seward?

Some months ago a slaveholder in Lafayette County, Mo., passed through the town of Westport, in that State, on his way to select a farming location in Kansas Territory. He was accompanied by half-a-dozen likely negroes from his own plantation, all well mounted and completely armed, each fellow having a Colt's navy revolver tucked into his right boot.

"Where the d—l are you going to with those niggers?" shouted an inquisitive friend to the planter, as the cavalcade trotted into Westport."

"Going?" was the reply, "why, where should I be going? I'm bound for Kansas to hunt a claim; and as I knew I'd have to go by Lawrence, and down among those d—d Abolitionists, I thought I'd better have a body guard, and brought some of my niggers along accordingly."

An old negro man, a slave, belonging to a gentleman in the vicinity of Westport, was asked whether he did not "want to go and live among the Free State men in Lawrence?" when he instantly replied—

"No! 'spect not, massa, dis nigga been raised 'mong quality—could n't think of guine thar, sir; drother stay at home 'mong white folks."

It is currently reported in these parts that when a planter wishes to scare a refractory darkey into good behaviour, he has only to threaten selling him to a Lawrence man, which operates as effectually as a hint to a nigger in the Old Dominion that he's off for New Orleans, if he don't amend.

The South is "up and rising" on the Kansas question. She will pour a tremendous emigration into the Territory in the early Spring. The following items may, we think, be relied upon, as they come from the highest and most satisfactory sources:

From one County in Georgia, one hundred *bona fide* emigrants have already made their preparations to start. More will leave from other Counties in that State.

From Mississippi, no less a person than Gen. Quitman himself, with some hundreds of the boys of the cotton State, are confidently looked for. Gen. Quitman has given $2,500 to promote the objects of the Southern Kansas Aid Emigration Society. This may not be the proper title of the association, but it has the peopling of Kansas by pro-slavery men for its aim.

Major Buford, of Alabama (writes our informant), has contributed from his own purse $25,000 for a similar purpose. He himself is coming out to the Territory, in March, with 300 Alabamians, who will settle in Kansas, cast their votes to make her a slave State, and, if necessary, handle their rifles in the same cause.

And all this may be regarded but as the beginning of the end—for the stream is swelling. There is no mistaking this simultaneous awakening of our entire slaveholding population. The North must no longer shut her eyes to that great issue which is now close at hand. Let her set to work, then, with an honest good will, to root out fanaticism, and lay the axe to the very heart of that deadliest foe to the Union, the agitation of this much vexed question of slavery.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

Boston, January 12, 1856.

The change which has taken place in the public sentiment of Boston, as to sending back fugitive slaves, since the passage of the Nebraska Bill, is well illustrated by an incident which has just occurred here. A few weeks since a letter was received by Mr. John H. Pearson, a well-known ship-owner of Boston, from a Mr. Brown, of Key West, Florida, stating that he (Brown) had lost two mulatto slaves, and that they were probably in Boston or its vicinity. Having heard of Mr. Pearson as a famous Union-saver, and as the owner of the brig Acorn, which carried Sims back, and judging from these facts that he was sound on the compromises, Mr. Brown appealed to him for assistance in securing his runaway servants. Instead of performing his constitutional obligations with the alacrity which Mr. Webster advised, and which was in fashion here two or three years ago, Mr. Pearson sat down in his counting-house, and wrote Mr. Brown what, without exaggeration, may be termed a staggerer.

The sum and substance of the epistle was, that he, Brown, with his mulattoes, might go to that what-do-ye-call-um, from whence no thingumbob returns. Mr. Pearson remarked that he had got tired of Union-saving; that since the passage of the Nebraska bill, repealing the Missouri Compromise, he considered himself entirely absolved from all other compromises on the subject; and he went on to treat Mr. Brown to a quotation from Webster, on the subject of extending slavery on this continent, which has not been often heard in State street for the last five years. Mr. Pearson further informed his Key West correspondent that pretty much everybody else in Boston thought as he did, and that whereas, in 1850 and 1854, the whole mercantile and commercial interests volunteered to help carry back runaways, at the present time, in his opinion, not a corporal's guard could be mustered for this purpose. As far as he could find out, he said, the United States officers would give Mr. Brown as much aid and comfort as he himself would.

It may be of interest to Mr. Brown to know, should his eye meet these lines, that the two mulatto gentlemen in question were taken up at sea by a Boston vessel and brought into this port; but I am not able to give him any information as to their subsequent movements and present residence.

Governor Gardner's proposal to repeal the Personal Liberty Law will meet with some opposition from members of his own party; but how stiff they will prove remains to be seen. A large number of Americans in the Legislature are in favour of the law, and were elected more for that reason than for any other; but I apprehend that they are hardly tne men to hold out very long against so powerful a lobby member as Governor Gardner has undertaken to be. An attempt will be made to get the opinion of the Judges of the Supreme Court upon the constitutionality of the law. This is an adroit, indirect way of repealing it, as it is well known that these gentlemen of the bench are thirsting for its heart's blood, both because it ignores their former decision, sustaining the Fugitive Slave Act, and because it commits what, in Massachusetts, is the unpardonable sin of "interfering with the independence of the judiciary."

The repeal of the Personal Liberty Law would doubtless improve Governor Gardner's chance for a nomination for the Vice-Presidency, though it would, I suppose, hurt him a little in this State. It is said that he is peculiarly strenuous against Mr. Fillmore's nomination, and goes for "some Southern man west of the Alleganies." Paul.

EMANCIPATION OF SERFS IN MOLDAVIA.

The following is the text of the decree, dated the 28th of November, by which Prince Ghika has emancipated the serfs in Moldavia:

"The law voted, in 1844, by the Extraordinary General Assembly, relative to the enfranchisement of the serfs belonging to the State, to the metropolis, to the bishoprics, and to the monasteries in general, provided, at the same time, for the progressive purchase of the serfs of private persons, by setting apart for the purpose the sums arising from the tax of the freed men. The object of this philanthropic measure was to arrive, in a series of years, at the abolition of slavery in this country, and it reposed principally on the hope that most of the owners of serfs, moved by emulation, would spontaneously aid in the liberation of the human beings in their possession. We, however, regret to have to state that very few among them have thus far responded to this humane appeal, while, on the other hand, the small sums set apart for redeeming slaves have not, by any means, effected their complete manumission. Among the duties which our position imposes on us, and among the reforms which we have attempted to realize, we find that this question is one of those which must be dealt with before any other, because it springs from the laws of humanity itself, and greatly concerns the dignity of the country. At the moment at which all Europe testifies such great interest in the Principalities, and contemplates fixing their future destinies, it is the duty of our country, on its part, to take a step in advance. Many years have passed since slavery was abolished in all the civilized States of the Old World; the Moldo-Wallachia States have alone preserved this disgraceful vestige of barbarous society; in these Principalities alone slavery forms part of the general social order. Such an anomaly neither ought to nor can any longer exist; such a state of things is in opposition to the sacred dogmas of the Christian religion, to all the principles of humanity, and to the vital interests of the State; it is, in fact, the plague of society—a plague which we must not try to keep from observation as has hitherto been attempted—for it is impossible to hide it—but one which we must remedy as soon as possible. In consequence, as a Prince and as a Christian, consulting the dignity of the country and the sentiments of our own heart, we now call the serious attention of our Council to this important question; we count on its active cooperation in aiding us to solve this matter in a spirit in conformity with the great laws of humanity, and, at the same time, not to forget the indemnity which is due to the possessors of slaves; and we recommend it to prepare a bill on the subject, and to submit it to us in order that it may be discussed by the General Divan. Our opinion is, that the basis of this measure should be—1, The immediate abolition of slavery in Moldavia; 2, The regulation and the mode of apportioning the indemnity to be accorded to the possessors of slaves. We hope that the cooperation of our countrymen, without distinction, will not fail us in this humane question; we do not doubt that the Ministers themselves will devote their efforts to carry out, to its full extent, the task which we thus confide to them; and, for this purpose, we reckon on the zeal and on the principles of humanity which they have constantly displayed.

"G. Ghika.

"Countersigned, "R. Maurojeni."

The Administrative Council Extraordinary, in its sitting of the 28th ult., declared that it received this document with profound gratitude, and it charged two of its members to draw up a bill in accordance with the principles laid down in it.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1856.

☞ Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.—The Twenty-Third Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Boston, on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, January 24th and 25th—commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continuing its sessions through each day and evening.

Auxiliary associations, and members and friends of the Society, are requested to make early and sure arrangements to be strongly represented on the occasion.

The fact, that a most encouraging change has taken place in the public sentiment of the Commonwealth, and also of the entire North, on the subject of slavery, instead of inducing a state of repose or a lack of vigilance, should stimulate to greater activity and more determined effort for the utter overthrow of that foul and hideous system, which is the curse and shame of the country, full of danger and wo, and "the sum of all villanies." A more glorious struggle the world has never witnessed. Its successful termination, in the liberation and enfranchisement of FOUR MILLIONS OF CHATTEL SLAVES, will be an irresistible blow struck for the freedom of the human race, now kept in thraldom by the unparalleled hypocrisy and base apostacy of the pseudo "model republic." Once more, then, to the onset, with a self-sacrificing spirit and heroic determination which shall laugh to scorn all the threats and machinations of the Slave Power! We cannot be defeated. Francis Jackson, President.

Robert F. Wallcut, Sec'y.

THE SCRIPTURAL ARGUMENT AGAIN....I.

It is worth inquiry whether the argument so frequently brought from the Bible in favour of slavery may not be met in other ways than those commonly taken, and in better harmony with the views of other men in regard to the question of inspiration. Many, to be sure, esteem our Scriptures but records and monuments of the higher religious developments of successive ages and of a single nation, leaving us, of course, to examine and criticise them as we would the Homeric Poems or the sacred writings of India, of Persia and China. To such of course it is of little interest, save as a matter of history, what bearing the successive Scriptures may have upon the subject of slavery: grant even that they treat it as a Divine institution, such persons are not more disturbed thereby than if they found a similar vice in Homer or Plato.

We may suspend, moreover, the decision of this question, the inspiration and authority of the Scriptures, and simply say: The question must be answered by appeal to precisely the judgment which condemns slavery. Reason, conscience, the religious reverence, the moral sensibilities, all the faculties which characterize us as human, pronounce slavery wrong, the power which enforces it impious tyranny, the endurance itself a burden and a curse. But to this same reason, conscience, religious reverence, the moral sensibilities, all the faculties which characterize us as human, we must appeal, of necessity, for decision of the origin and nature of the Bible. Now, whatever may be the issue of our inquiries in regard to this latter subject, we need not hesitate to accept what the mind has already perceived. If we do not yet know fully the character of the Bible and its relation to slavery, yet we do know beforehand the sin and wretchedness of slavery, and how dear and blessed a thing freedom is. Thus we may do just as, in another department, the geologist does, ask our questions of the present nature and the instant reason, and accept the answers which come to us, reserving the adjustment of discrepancies and harmonies to a more enlarged view and a deeper insight of universal truth. And if we can rest here, we shall escape the perplexities with which advocates of slavery so often surround us.

But there are honest men, many more pursuing some course of action designed to overthrow slavery, whom neither of those methods can satisfy. The first contradicts the sincere conviction of their hearts; the second puts in doubt what they consider as much beyond doubt as the evil of slavery. The former shocks them as irreverent, if not infidel; the latter saddens them as a shade, at least, thrown over the brightness of their faith. They fully believe, in one word, the inspiration of the Scriptures. The book, as we have it, they know well, is a collection, between whose earlier writings and the last there may have been the interval of a thousand years or more; but each of these books, supposing it authentic, they believe to be the product not of human thought or genius alone, but of some mind empowered to prepare it through inspiration of God. Thus the whole is, in their opinion, to be approached with a reverence and a trust due to no other book or collection of books; and whatever is derived from it by fair and just interpretation, they truly believe, is to be acknowledged as oracle of the Lord. Such convictions exist; they are honest, they are identified with the faith, the piety, the virtue of many wise, noble, unselfish men. Must such men, with such convictions, be compelled to choose between the alternatives of surrending a religious conviction or abandoning, which is also religious with them, sympathy with the movement of freedom?

As regards our relation to this movement in its organized form and action, we have nothing to do with settling questions such as have been suggested. Each individual ought to think for himself; each, Orthodox, Unitarian, Romanist, Protestant, Swedenborgian, Universalist, Deist, Atheist, should of course, while remaining what he is, defend and advance freedom by the best means he can. But the sole principle in which such varieties of thought come together for this particular work is sympathy with the effort for universal emancipation. And this is our present question, whether the believer in the inspiration of the whole Bible must abandon his belief in order to cooperation in the work. The question is not whether his belief is grounded on reason, whether the Bible indeed be what he thinks it is; but whether, admitting it as such, he must admit the Divine institution of slavery. In other words, supposing God to speak in the Scriptures, is it ascertained that he has spoken in favour of slavery? Rather, has he marked it out as an ordinance of his own?

Let it be distinctly remarked here that, without expressing any personal opinion of the subject, we put ourselves on the ground of the hypothesis just stated: our argument goes on the concession that the Bible is throughout inspired of God. What is the conclusion?

In every communication such as we now suppose are three things to be considered: the Being from whom it proceeds; the medium or messenger through which or whom it passes; and the person or persons to whom it comes. Now, the Being from whom the inspiration proceeds is assumed to be perfect, infinite; good to the immensity of the idea; absolutely and unchangeably just; love without even the shadow of stain; light in whom is no darkness at all. But the medium or messenger is finite, imperfect as compared with the Supreme essence, limited in the capacity to receive goodness, justice, love, light. That which descends from the first good, thus enters at its descent into an inadequate medium: the man cannot take it all in; the language of man cannot encircle, at least cannot transmit it all. And a second limitation, an imperfection of the capacity to receive the truth, greater perhaps than this, appears in the person or persons to whom the message comes down. Nature furnishes an illustration. We imagine to ourselves a pure fontal light. This pure light shines through air, cloud, various obscure mediums, and terminates in forms of diverse shape and structure and elements; whence all the numberless shades, to the very duskiest, which we see before us. Neither the variety of all nor the dimness of some hinders that the light is in each and the whole. Or, to take another illustration: Life in itself is a pure absolute reality; but as it descends through the several gradations of existence, from man, through beast, bird, fish, reptile, it develops endless diversities, and in some cases presents what are to us most offensive forms. But the life is in them; nay, so far forth as it is life, it is pure, good, beautiful. The Jewish Rabbis are reported to have had a saying, The law of God speaks the language of men. Of course. In God, it is infinite and perfect. In man, and the language of men, limitations are inevitable. And those limitations are inversely proportioned to the capacities of man and of language to express the limitless essence. As, moreover, to render the communication of any practical value, it must descend as low as to reach the feebleness of the minds whom it would teach and train. The parent communicates with the child according to the child's age and state. When I was a child, saith Paul, I thought as a child, I spake as a child; when I became a man, I put away childish things. And we may add, when Paul was a child, his father and mother thought with his childishness and spake to his childishness; but in his manhood, their thought and speech must have changed with him.

The hypothesis now is, that the Bible is a collection of Divine Words. If so, those words, besides coming from God, came through men and human language, and to men, always imperfect, often ignorant, superstitious, sometimes vicious; to men infantile in their capacities and knowledge, far enough from infantile in innocence; to men who, to learn anything, and to be advanced to higher attainments, must be reached, down in the low state wherein they stood—just as now we must be approached, not as etherial beings, but as weak and wayward pilgrims, oftener in some slough of despond, or creeping under the overhanging cliffs of the fiery mountain, or taking some greener path toward the castle of despair, or trading in Vanity Fair, than in at the gate, and treading the narrow way, and serving and rejoicing on the delectable mountains, the celestial city shining across the river over upon us. Surely, when God speaks to men, his speech is unheard if it does not put itself into their dialect, and come down even to where they dwell in their darkness and their infirmities.

CATECHISM OF CANDIDATES.

On Saturday last, the House sought relief from the monotony of voting for Speaker in chatechising the candidates on the subject of Slavery and Know-Nothingism. The project was devised by the "South Americans," or Know-Nothings, who hoped to derive from it a party advantage in the discussions of the ensuing canvass. Not that Richardson is personally unwilling to lie as flat on the ground as may be; but he had been several years in Congress and borne a conspicuous part in its doings, while Fuller had either not been there at all till now or had done nothing of any consequence. The principal interrogatories were framed by Mr. Zollicoffer, of Tennessee, expressly to embarrass Richardson and put Fuller before the country as standing on a more Southern platform than the former could occupy.

Mr. Richardson, thus cornered, did confess his sin in having declared, April 3, 1850, that if the bill for Territorial governments, silent upon the subject of slavery, should be defeated, then he would vote for bills with the Wilmot Proviso, in order to give governments to the people of the Territories. He now thanked Mr. Zollicoffer for giving him an opportunity to repudiate that declaration as unjust and improper. His answers to the questions propounded satisfied the extreme wing of the slaveholders in every particular save one. The doctrine insisted upon by South Carolina is, that the people of a *Territory* have no right to prohibit slavery, that right being acquired only when the Territory is organized as a State. Mr. Richardson answered evasively on this point, but Fuller, of Pa., the Know-Nothing candidate, on the contrary, took the extremest pro-slavery ground, as follows:

"I hold that the Territories are the common property of all the States, and that the people of all the States have a common right to enter upon and occupy those Territories, and they are protected in that occupation by the flag of our common country; that Congress has no Constitutional power either to legislate slavery into, or exclude it from, a Territory. Neither has the Territorial Legislature, in my judgment, any right to legislate upon that subject, except so far as it may be necessary to protect the citizens of the Territory in the enjoyment of their property, and that in pursuance of its organic law, as established by Congressional legislation. When the citizens of the Territory shall apply for admission into the Union, they may determine for themselves the character of their institutions (by their State Constitution); and it is their right then to declare whether they will tolerate slavery or not, and, thus fairly deciding for themselves, should be admitted into the Union as States, without reference to the subject of slavery."

Several Southern members ceased to vote for Richardson after the avowal mentioned above. Others continued to vote for him under protest. The "South Americans" think they have made capital for the Presidential election by thus putting their candidate for Speaker ahead of Richardson with the Slave Power.

Mr. Banks responded to the interrogatories of Mr. Zollicoffer in a manner which gave entire satisfaction to his friends. Horace Greeley, writing to *The Tribune*, says:

"I was opposed to the whole operation at the outset, because it was not a fair thing. It was a game of trapping candidates, wherein the Banks men were required to put down all the stakes and take an equal chance for recovering them with those who risked nothing. These could not lose; they had no right to win. So I thought the friends of Mr. Banks should not have played.

"Mr. Banks, however, thought differently, and the result has vindicated his sagacity and justified his courage. He refused to stand under the imputation, however false, that he shrank from a full disclosure of his opinions; so he voted for Zollicoffer's resolve yesterday, and to-day took the floor and answered all Zollicoffer's questions fully, clearly and triumphantly. His manner was admirable; his eloquence of a higher order than had previously been heard in the House at this session. The effect on his friends was electric; they had quite generally deprecated the whole business as untimely and preposterous—a waste of time that ought to have been devoted to earnest efforts to elect a Speaker. Their general confidence at the close that they had chosen the right man for their standard-bearer—one that would wear and need never be distrusted—was beyond all example. It was very commonly remarked, by opponents as well as friends, that there had been no finer exhibition of intellectual and rhetorical power on this floor for years."

MR. BANKS'S ANSWERS.

Mr. Banks—Mr. Clerk, I voted for the resolution presented by the honourable gentleman from Tennessee [Mr. Zollicoffer], yesterday, with pleasure. It embodies a principle which I think sound. As understood by me, when reported at the Clerk's desk, it was nothing more nor less than simply this: that any gentleman who votes for a candidate for any office ought to know the opinions of that candidate. I recognise the right of every gentleman in this House who has been voting for Speaker during this protracted contest to ascertain the opinions of any man for whom he casts his vote. Sir, I should claim it as my right to know the opinions of my candidate to such an extent as should be satisfactory, to myself, at least.

But, Sir, as a member of the House, I have other rights. I offer myself as a candidate for no office; I solicit no man's suffrage; and I am not, therefore, called upon as a candidate to solve such difficulties as gentlemen supporting other persons may find in the existing condition of public affairs. Those who have honoured me by their confidence and votes are themselves responsible for the course they have chosen, and, I doubt not, they are able to meet that responsibility. It is not for me to provide for their defence. I can only say, as Othello said of his wife, they "had eyes, and chose me."

I have convictions—convictions of duty, convictions of principle—upon the great matters in which the country is interested; and, as a member of the House, representing a District in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, I have no hesitation in responding to any of the inquiries propounded by the honourable gentleman from Tennessee to the honourable gentleman from Illinois. I ask the Clerk to read the first question.

The Clerk read as follows:

"Am I right in supposing that the gentleman from Illinois regards the Kansas-Nebraska bill as promotive of the formation of Free States in the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska?"

Mr. Banks—It will be understood, of course, that the phraseology of this inquiry applies rather to the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. Richardson) than to myself. I answer, distinctly, that I do not regard the Kansas-Nebraska bill as promotive of the formation of Free States, inasmuch as it repeals the prohibition of the Institution of Slavery over the section of country to which that statute applies. I think it does not tend to the formation of Free States. That is my answer.

The Clerk read as follows:

"Am I right in supposing he advocates the Constitutionality of the Wilmot Proviso; that in 1850 he opposed its application to the Territories acquired from Mexico, only upon the ground that it was unnecessary, inasmuch as the Mexican local laws in those Territories already abolished slavery—which ought to be sufficient for all Free Soil men; and that he committed himself to the position, that if Territorial bills (silent upon the subject of slavery, and leaving the Mexican law to operate) were defeated, he would vote for bills with the Wilmot Proviso in them?"

Mr. Banks—I could give a general answer in the affirmative to that interrogatory. I believe in the constitutionality of that act which is known and generally understood as the Wilmot Proviso. I believe that it is within the power of Congress to prohibit the institution of slavery in a Territory belonging to the United States. Whether I would advocate the passage of such an act in regard to a Territory where it was clearly unnecessary, where, by local, preexisting laws it had been prohibited; or, in other words, whether I would advocate a double inhibition, I have only to say, that if a doubt existed as to its exclusion by valid municipal law, I should sustain an act which embodied the prohibition known as the Wilmot or Jefferson Proviso. In regard to the measures of 1850, I can only say that, being called upon here or elsewhere, I should have voted for the prohibition in the Territories covered by those measures, if I had entertained a doubt as to the exclusion of slavery by existing municipal law. That is my answer.

The Clerk read as follows:

"Am I right in supposing that his theory is, that the Constitution of the United States does not carry slavery to, and protect it in, the Territories of the United States?"

Mr. Banks—I do not believe that the Constitution of the United States carries the institution of slavery to the Territories of the United States. My understanding is based on the declaration of Mr. Webster that even the Constitution of the United States itself does not go to the Territories until it is carried there by an act of Congress. Standing on the principle of the English law governing the same interests, I do not believe that the Constitution of the United States carries to any Territory of the States any right to hold slaves there.

I further, Sir, that my answer should be full and satisfactory, I ought perhaps to put the negative of the proposition of the distinguished gentleman who leads the Government party on this floor and in this crisis. I recognise the right, Sir, to protection of property on the part of the South as well as on the part of the North in the Territories of the United States; and when I speak of property I mean that which is considered property by universal law; I do not mean that which is property only because it is held as such under the laws of a particular State, and which loses its character of property so soon as it extends beyond the limits of that State, except under certain reservations covered by the Constitution of the United States. When I speak of property, I do not refer to that species. I describe that which is recognised as property by universal laws of men, and not that which is property only when it is made such by local laws of limited sections of the country. I have no disposition to disturb its existence—no purpose to diminish or increase it there. I will acknowledge all its rights there, accepting for that purpose the charts established by Southern statesmen; but I deny that it is such property as, independent of local law or Congressional enactment, is protected by the Constitution in the Territories of the United States.

I have nothing further to say on this very nice and delicate question. I believe that the Constitution of the United States was intended to do justice to all sections of the country—to the South equally with the North. I am for that to-day; and I adopt the language of my friend (Mr. Richardson), who has always treated me with distinguished courtesy in all discussions on this subject, that we should do justice to the South as well as to the North. In no speech or declaration that has fallen from my lips, so far as I can remember it, have I ever expressed a different sentiment; but, Sir, I cannot shut out from my memory the great fact that the Constitution of the United States is an instrument of Freedom, contemplated as such by its framers, and interpreted as such by all men of the South and the North until within the last few years. It is a chart of Freedom, established to secure the blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our posterity, giving liberty to the States to do what they shall think to be proper within their own localities, under such circumstances as to them shall seem to be right and just, but claiming no right and conceding no right to them to carry their own peculiar institutions beyond the limitations conferred by the doctrine of the sovereignty of States.

No, Sir! The Constitution of the United States is an instrument, not of immediate, but of ultimate and universal Freedom. It was so contemplated by the great men who framed it, and the world has so regarded it. The national flag, that is its symbol, that makes the land over which it floats, in whatever quarter of the globe, so long as it covers an American citizen, American territory, is the banner of ultimate and universal Liberty—its white and red folds symbols of Revolutionary trial, of the cresis of victory and the blood of sacrifice. May its starry union forever stand as lustrous and imperishable as the golden fires of God's firmament! (Great applause.) That is my answer to that question.

The Clerk read as follows:

"That in the Territory acquired from Mexico and France (including Kansas and Nebraska) the Missouri Restriction was necessary to make the territory free, because Slavery existed there under France at the time of the acquisition, but that the Kansas and Nebraska bill, which repeals that restriction—but neither legislates Slavery into those Territories nor excludes it therefrom, in his opinion—leaves those Territories without either local or constitutional law protecting Slavery; and that, therefore, the Kansas and Nebraska bill promotes the formation of Slave States in Kansas and Nebraska?"

Mr. Banks—I did not see that question, Mr. Clerk, until it was brought to me by a page from the desk. It is but a repetition of the first interrogatory, with the addition of a statement of fact. In regard to that statement, I will say that it is doubted whether the institution of Slavery existed in these Territories at the time they were acquired. Without going into the question whether France, by the decree of 1794, abolished the institution of Slavery there, I will say that, if it were necessary that the Congress of the United States should interdict that institution in those Territories in order to make them free, I think that Congress was right in doing so. If it were necessary, in order to give to the South the right to carry the institution of Slavery there, that the interdict of 1820 should be removed, I think

debted to the Ordinance for her proud position as the third State of the Confederacy, and first among the new States, is bound to cherish and defend its great and beneficent principles. In so doing, we shall be fellow-workers with its illustrious framers, in their own declared policy and purpose of "extending the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty, whereon these Republics, their laws and constitutions, are erected, and fixing and establishing those principles as the basis of all laws, constitutions and governments which forever hereafter shall be formed in" American "territory."

No political duty appears to be more urgent than this. The question of slavery, it is almost universally conceded, transcends in present importance all other political questions of a national character. The repeal of the Missouri Prohibition, abrogating the Missouri Compromise, opens anew the whole subject of the relations of slavery to the Union, to the States, and to the Territories. In determining the true line of duty, under these circumstances, it seems to be the part of wisdom to recur to the acts of the founders of the republic, and to the principles of the Constitution. To me these guides seem to indicate a plain path. It leads back to the original national policy. That policy, I have already remarked, while it sanctioned no outside interference with slavery within slave States, contemplated no extension of it beyond slave limits. It regarded slavery in all its relations as subject, exclusively, to State legislation, and absolved the General Government from all responsibility for its extension or continuance.

Our return to that policy should be signalized by the restoration of the guaranty of freedom to the Territories, which have been deprived of it by the retrograde legislation of Congress. Had the policy originally adopted been persistently pursued, the question of slavery would have ceased long since to vex our repose and disturb our councils. Should that policy be restored, may we not confidently expect the restoration also of those relations of harmony and good will which characterized the era of its adoption, and that, through repeal of all the national legislation in support of slavery and the constitutional action of State Governments, the ardent desire of our fathers for the deliverance of the whole country from the great evil may at length be fulfilled? No worthier objects than these, in my judgment, can engage the united efforts of freemen. Frank and cordial cooperation for these noble ends excludes all invidious and unjust discrimination on account of birth or creed, endangers no right of any individual or any State, but promises the happy result of a more perfect Union, established upon the solid foundations of exact justice and equal rights.

GOV. CLARK'S MESSAGE.

The House, on Wednesday, having chosen Orville Robinson, of Oswego, Speaker, Gov. Clark sent in his annual message. It relates almost exclusively to matters of State policy, the following being all that it contains in relation to slavery.

THE LEMMON CASE.

In pursuance of a resolution of the last Legislature, I appointed two associate counsel to act with the Attorney-General in the suit, pending in the Supreme Court between this State and the State of Virginia, known as "the Lemmon Slave Case." The case has been prepared and is noticed for the February Term of the Court, when it is expected it will be argued. As there is no provision made to meet the expenses on the part of this State, it will devolve upon you to make the necessary appropriation.

KANSAS.

The people of our State have observed with painful interest the course of events resulting from the passage of the Act of Congress organizing the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska. Those Territories comprise a very large portion of the region expressly shielded from slavery by the Compromise of 1820. By virtue of that compact a most reluctant and partial consent was wrung from the Representatives of the people of the Free States to the admission of Missouri into the Union as a Slave State. That Act, so prejudicial to the fame and prosperity of the American people, and even of Missouri herself, was slowly and grudgingly acquiesced in by the North, under the conviction that the evil it involved was instant and irreparable, while the good it stipulated would be greater and more permanent, becoming more and more positive and obvious in coming years. But at the expiration of 30 years, after a large and valuable strip of country had been transferred quietly, if not clandestinely, from free soil to slaveholding Missouri, the favourable occasion presented by an unprecedented triumph of the slaveholding interests was seized to press the repeal of the Missouri Restriction, and consequently to open Kansas and Nebraska to Slavery. No Congress that ever yet assembled, except that just dismissed and rebuked by the people of the Free States, could have been induced to sanction this repeal; and it is believed that no other Federal Administration but that now going out of power could have been impelled to urge it. The opportunity was improved with desperate assiduity and energy, and the effort was too successful. All legal barriers to the establishment of Slavery in Kansas and Nebraska were removed by Congress; removed, too, by the aid of votes from this and other non-slaveholding States. The assumption of unconstitutionality, which every earnest effort to restrain any great and moral and social evil seems fated to encounter, was invoked to excuse the repudiation of a solemn contract, by those who had secured all its advantages. And thus the Missouri Compromise, so long the theme of general and extravagant eulogium, was overthrown by the very interest which had proposed and constrained its adoption.

The consequences of this act of perfidy have thus far fully justified the apprehensions and fulfilled the predictions of the champions of Freedom and public faith.

Nebraska, intrenched behind Free States only, will probably be permitted to add another to their number without a serious contest. But Kansas, on the other hand, bordering on a populous portion of Missouri, fanatical in its devotion to Slavery, and through which nearly all emigrants enter the new Territory, has, in some respects, become a subjugated province of that State. By Missourians its Delegates to Congress have been chosen and the semblance of its Legislature organized. That Legislature has appointed its County Officers for a term of six years; and the same authority assumed to establish Slavery on its soil, and to fortify it by most extraordinary inhibitions and penalties. And when its Federal Governor called for military force to uphold these outrageous enactments, his orders were responded to, not by the inhabitants of Kansas, but by armed bands from Missouri. The sympathies of the North and West have been keenly alive to the menaced subjection by the rifle and the knife of the Free Soil citizens of the Territory gathered at Lawrence. Their calm courage and determined attitude rolled back this first demonstration of Slavery to conquer Freedom by force of arms. They are entitled to the respect and gratitude of all who love the Republic.

The voice of New York has repeatedly been heard in the assertion of the Jeffersonian policy of restricting Slavery and extending Freedom. I trust that it will be uttered again, with a unanimity and an emphasis worthy of her history, her principles and her convictions.

FACT VERSUS FICTION.—E. G. Squier, in his "Notes on Central America," recently published by the Harpers, not only apologizes for the despotic cruelty of the Spaniards toward the natives of that country on the ground of the alleged inferiority of the latter, but feeds the already uncontrollable passions of American Filli-busters by advancing the theory of the right, and, indeed, of a sort of philosophical necessity, on the part of the whites, to occupy the country, and either to exterminate its two millions of Indian or half-breed inhabitants or to reduce them to slavery. In a notice of Mr. Squier's work, *The Tribune* says:

"How completely deluded Mr. Squier is, on this topic, is evident from his attempt to bolster up his theory by the result of emancipation in Jamaica, as to which he states the following pretended facts with all the customary positiveness of those who substitute in the place of observation their *à priori* conclusions as to what ought to be. We quote from page 57:

"'In Jamaica, savage Nature is just resuming her dominion over deserted plantations, *and the woods begin to swarm with half-naked negroes living upon the indigenous fruits of the soil*, and already scarcely one degree removed from their original barbarism in Africa.'

"Now, we beg leave to assure Mr. Squier, from the best of evidence, that the two most striking points of difference between black men in the English Colonies, as slaves, and those same black men, as freemen, are—that, whereas, except on Sundays, they used to go almost naked, now they are decently clothed at all times (except that occasionally, for the sake of convenience, they may partially follow Virgil's advice to plough and sow naked), and that, instead of living almost exclusively on native provisions, eked out by a quantity of imported Indian meal and black peas, they are now large consumers of American flour. Of these facts, both as to clothing and food, Mr. Squier may find abundant evidence by examining the custom-house entries of imports for the last thirty or forty years of the Island of Jamaica itself. If these facts can be made the proofs of barbarism and degeneracy on the part of the blacks, Mr. Squier will take occasion, we hope, in his next book, to show how."

What confidence can we place in an author who, to support an immoral and Atheistic theory, is either so dishonest or so careless as to offer for facts the preposterous inventions of slaveholders and their allies? The simple fact is, that Mr. Squier is a conceited and utterly unscrupulous writer, who seeks to win popularity, promotion and profit as the champion of Fillibusterism.

PERSONAL LIBERTY LAW.—The portion of Gov. Gardner's message which recommends the repeal of this law has been referred to a Special Committee of three Senators and six Representatives. The Boston correspondent of the *Evening Post* remarks that it is very seldom that more than two Senators and four Representatives are placed on such committees, and suggests that probably gentlemen are afraid of the subject, and think that, like a ghost, it had better be met by a large company. He does not think it very likely that the law will be disturbed.

PUNCH'S mode of keeping the peace between the United States and Great Britain is pithily presented in rhyme:

It strikes me, Brother Jonathan, *we both have cause for blushing!*
You for being one moment nose led by Mister Caleb Cushing,
I for e'er allowing Consul, Musquito King or Crampton,
To have tamper'd with your laws, or your soft corns to have stamp'd on.

Then, Jonathan, you keep an eye on Cushing, Pierce and Marcy,
And I'll take care my Cabinet plays no pranks and isn't saucy;
And that all alarm of quarrel between you and me may cease,
We'll bind over both our governments to keep the nations' peace.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLXXXII.

THE ARGUMENT. — The Correspondent on the Snowbanks — He is descriptive, poetical, meteorological, comparative, and considerate —He consoleth the Editors on the loss of Doctor Smith—He discourseth of the Constitution of Boston and of what it can and must bear—Of the Council of Cooks and its Decrees—Of dishes rejected—And what was taken—Of the Smith émeute—He lamenteth the threatened loss of General Edmands—And groaneth over the poachings on his manor—He giveth the supposed causes—He deprecateth the same—He exulteth on Election Day—He sympathiseth with Gov. Gardner—And rejoiceth over the humiliation of the Whigs—And thinketh tenderly of joys that are past.

BOSTON, Jan. 13, 1856.

I WRITE in the midst of a wintry scene—the earth white with snow as far as the eye can reach, wherever it can get a chance at the distant country, the streets piled up with drifts, the crossings bad enough, and avalanches coming every now and then thundering down from the roofs. It may not be as picturesque as Switzerland, but it is very nearly as dangerous, travelling here. The snow has been too deep thus far for very good sleighing; but the best is made of what there is. The Neck, which makes a kind of wintry Corso, is flashing and dazzling every fine afternoon with fast horses driven by fast men in pretty little sleighs, in which, not unseldom, are contained pretty little women. It is not a particularly pleasant place to cross, as it is something like trying to dodge flashes of lightning in a July shower to adventure threading that jingling maze, but it is uncommonly pretty to look at from the sidewalk. There is a meteorological theory that the winters at the North are mitigating from year to year. I wonder whether it be so, indeed, or whether it grew only from our recollections of our childhood, when one winter seemed to be as long as ten do now, I cannot say. If the old winters were really much colder than those we have to do with, all I can say is that I am glad I was not my own great grandfather. And I should judge from the accounts in the New York papers that you must have been taking it even worse than we; at least, I don't think we have had any such indecently cold day as last Wednesday seems to have been with you. But we don't grudge it to you.

And, now, having despatched my first paragraph by the help of the blessed Weather (what should we do without it!), what have I got to tell you? Has anything happened? O, yes! You will be sorry to hear that Doctor Smith departed this Municipal life a week ago. Considering how much he has helped me in making out my letters for the last year and a half, you may well lament this sad dispensation. You could have better spared a better man. But he is gone—deceased—defunct—politically, civilly and Mayoralically speaking. Boston has a strong Constitution. She can stand a good deal and swallow a good many tough morsels. But Doctor Smith was a little too much even for her omnivorous assimilation. It was so evident that she would not submit to having him served up a third time with any imaginable sauce that Know-Nothingism could devise, that even the chief cooks of that party, in Council assembled, decided that it wouldn't do to try it on again, and so they pitched the poor Doctor to the pigs. But so thorough was the disgust he had left on the public palate that it refused to receive another dish from the same hands. So it would have nothing to say to Dr. Shurtleff, who was dished up in his stead. The people thought that though the meat might be good enough, the fact of the Devil having sent the Cooks was enough to destroy their appetite for it. And they went and got a mess of Rice for themselves—a plain, wholesome kind of provender, on which it is to be hoped that good digestion and health will wait. Poor Doctor Smith tried to make headway against him, or his friends for him, and his name stood rubric on the walls as a candidate, and the people were adjured by all the eloquence of tall type to rectify the injustice of the Council at the polls. But *thirty-nine* votes was all the harvest reaped from this sowing; which I take is about the whole number of those that liked his administration.

I know you will share my concern at another piece of news which Madam Rumour hath been busy in fetching and carrying up and down for a week or two past. I allude to the report that our valiant Apothecary in Chief, Major-General Edmands, is about to resign his commission and beat his sword into a pestle. (Don't let your compositors go and turn this into *pistol*, as they did once, as ye love me!) I don't think I could bear up under this additional blow. What shall I do to fill up my letters to you? "Where shall I go" for the wherewithal? Mayor Smith is civilly defunct. Mr. Congdon, of the *Atlas*, has broken into my close and carried off and appropriated unto himself my pet lamb, Commissioner Curtis. Mr. Theodore Parker has swooped down upon Judge Curtis and Judge Sprague and sundry other "fowl of game and beasts of chase," which I have preserved with the most scrupulous pains, and only turned out occasionally for a run for the amusement of my friends. It is too bad! What, "all my pretty ones!" And is General Edmands to be taken from me, too? I trust the story may be premature. It is said that the immediate occasion of this public calamity, which would so seriously affect your interests and mine, was a difference of opinion between our glorious Chief and Colonel Chickering, a gallant piano-forte maker, as to the particular regions of country which should be invaded by the Sims Brigade in their annual incursions among the circumjacent barbarians—whose hen-coops, pig-styes and clothes-lines long mourn their devastating march. It is understood that it was a dispute between Major Sturgeon and Captain Snip whether their victorious legions should march and countermarch from Acton to Ealing, or from Ealing to Brentford, that has hung over us this impending misfortune. I do not vouch for it, observe, as I am not always present at the Councils of War. I only tell what is told me. I hope the blow may yet be averted.

Then we have created our State anew since I wrote to you last. The body looks very much as it did, but there has been a very considerable change, by flux and efflux, in the atoms of which it is composed. But we have that appearance of unity which the same head can give to our body politic. Governor Gardner still reigns over us. Had the Whigs chosen to help in the election of Mr. Rockwell, who was a Whig just such as they had all bragged of being a short year and a half ago, and I should have lost the satisfactions of last Election day. Governor Gardner was, in fact, elected by the Whigs, who either voted for him directly or indirectly, by giving their votes for Mr. Beach, the Democratic candidate. These, you will observe, were the *Straight* Whigs! What, then, in the name of Euclid or who else has written on things linear, what must be the *Crooked* ones? I suppose they are those of them who, like the crooked stick in the story, are so crooked they can't keep still. I know several such. But, however, it was the Whigs that made Mr. Gardner Governor over again, this year. This consideration is a great consolation for the fact that he is so. And it is the Boston Whigs that constitute, or own, this faction that have achieved this victory. Just conceive of their quandary between their hatred of Gardner, as a successful renegade, and their fear of even seeming to have shaken off any of the mud of the gutter in which they had loyally laid themselves down by the side of Mr. Webster, in 1850! One can forgive Governor Gardner his success when one thinks of it. It must make his triumph doubly sweet to him—if he be made like other men. It is not only Victory, but it is Revenge into the bargain.

I could sympathize with his feelings as he marched through the streets on Election Day, with the Burns Guard, composed of the flower of Boston Whiggery, making way for him, and with the whole State following after him, in the persons of its Legislature. I could imagine the streets paved with prostrate Whigs, and, in my mind's eye, I could see them wince and groan as at every stride he set his heel on a fresh neck. It was truly exquisite. I do not remember a more charming sight or a happier day since that dear, delightful, delicious Twenty-First of June, when the lightning of the Telegraph blasted State Street with the news that the Slaveholders had kicked Mr. Webster out of the Whig Convention! Of course, it was out of sight behind that. The longest life cannot be expected to furnish forth *two* such days. Two such coming together would be more than an average constitution could stand. 'Tis bliss but to a certain bound, beyond 'tis agony. But it was a very satisfying and consoling sight and meditation to see and consider these things. A true philosopher, you know, derives comfort from all events and discerns something to console him even in the most cross-grained events. I certainly found "sermons in stones" that day, when the very pavement of Boston found voice to console me. It is hard enough that any combination of political folly and rascality should again hoist such a man as Governor Gardner into the Governorship, after his putting his stupid body between Public Justice and Judge Loring, and his Vetoing the Personal Liberty Bill. But if it must be done, it is consolatory to know that it was by the men who hate and despise him the most bitterly that he has been *boosted* up to the top of the tree, again. And, for one, I do not grudge him any malicious satisfaction he derives from this fact. It is a natural and just one; and if he don't enjoy it, he is even a duller man than the Whigs used to say he was.

D. Y.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS THROUGH SUCCESSIVE AGES. By L. MARIA CHILD. Three Volumes. Francis & Co., New York.

In an age so full of inquiry as this, when conscientious doubt has so usurped the place of implicit and uninquisitive belief, and uneasy scepticism sits restlessly in the seat from which it has pushed a quiet and comfortable faith, such a book as this would be a great boon, even were it the fruit of less industry, and research, and ability than Mrs. Child has brought to bear upon its subject. There are people who will be glad to learn that there has been any progress in religious ideas, or that there is such a thing as an innate religious idea in the human mind at all. It will relieve them of many doubts, and serve, perhaps, to bring them back to the foundation of all faith. Others there are who, through a wider view of Religion, in all ages, and among all races of men, may be weaned from a narrow sectarianism and led to a wholesome mistrust of that partial faith which rests on dogmas, and trusts for salvation to an unreasoning belief. Many there are, doubtless, scholarly men and women, who can give a reason for the faith that is in them, whether that may be narrow or wide; but the unthinking or the ignorant many will be taught here to unlearn much which they had thought was the end of human knowledge, or will be enlightened just at that point where they thought was only thick darkness.

An extract from Mrs. Child's Preface will best show the purpose of her work, and the spirit in which it has been accomplished. She says:

"I would candidly advise persons who are conscious of bigoted attachment to any creed or theory not to purchase this book. Whether they are bigoted Christians or bigoted infidels, its tone will be likely to displease them.

"My motive in writing has been a very simple one. I wished to show that *theology* is not *religion*; with the hope that I might help to break down partition walls; to ameliorate what the eloquent Bushnell calls 'baptized hatreds of the human race.' In order to do this, I have endeavoured to give a concise and comprehensive account of religions, in the liberal spirit of the motto on my title-page. The period embraced in my plan extends from the most ancient Hindoo records to the complete establishment of the Catholic Church.

"While my mind was yet in its youth, I was offended by the manner in which Christian writers usually describe other religions; for I observed that they habitually covered apparent contradictions and absurdities, in Jewish or Christian writings, with a veil of allegories and mystical interpretation, while the records of all other religions were unscrupulously analyzed, or contemptuously described as 'childish fables,' or 'filthy superstitions.' I was well aware that this was done unconsciously, under the influence of habitual reverence for early teaching; and I was still more displeased with the scoffing tone of skeptical writers, who regarded all religions as founded on imposture. Either way, the one-sidedness of the representation troubled my strong sense of justice. I recollect wishing, long ago, that I could become acquainted with some good, intelligent Bramin or Mohammedan, that I might learn, in some degree, how their religion appeared to *them*. This feeling expanded within me, until it took form in this book. The facts it contains are very old; the novelty it claims is the point of view from which those facts are seen and presented. I have treated all religions with reverence, and shown no more favour to one than to another. I have exhibited each one in the light of its own Sacred Books; and in giving quotations, I have aimed in every case to present, impartially, the beauties and the blemishes. I have honestly tried never to exaggerate merits or conceal defects. I have not declared that any system was true, or that any one was false. I have even avoided the use of the word heathen; for, though harmless in its original signification, it is used in a way that implies condescension or contempt; and such a tone is inconsistent with the perfect impartiality I have wished to observe. I have tried to place each form of worship in its own light; that is, as it appeared to those who sincerely believed it to be of Divine origin. But even this candid method must necessarily produce a very imperfect picture, drawn as it is, by a modern mind, so foreign to ancient habits of thought, and separated from them by the lapse of ages. The process has been exceedingly interesting; for the history of the religious sentiment, struggling through theological mazes, furnishes the most curious chapter in the strange history of mankind.

"I offer the results of my investigations with extreme timidity. Not because I am afraid of public opinion; for I have learned to place exceedingly little value on anything the world can give or take away. But I have been oppressed with anxiety, lest I should not perform the important task in the right spirit and the most judicious manner. I have conscientiously tried to do it with great care, fearless truthfulness, perfect candour, reverence toward God, and tenderness for human nature. I have sought out facts diligently, and stated them plainly; leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions freely, uninfluenced by suggestions from me. The inference deduced from my statements will vary according to the predominance of the rationalistic element in character. I have contented myself with patiently digging out information from books old and new, and presenting it with all the clearness and all the honesty of which I am capable. To write with the unbiassed justice at which I aimed, I was obliged to trample under my feet the theological underbrush, which always tangles and obstructs the path, when the soul strives to be guided only by the mild bright star of religious sentiment. It is never pleasant to walk directly through and over the opinions of the age in which one lives. I have not done it sarcastically, as if I despised them; because such is not my feeling. I have done it in a straight-forward, quiet way, as if I were unconscious of their existence. I foresee that many good and conscientious people will consider it a great risk to treat religious history in that manner. If I could have avoided giving them pain, and at the same time have written with complete impartiality, I would most gladly have done so. For myself, I have firm faith that plain statements of truth can never eventually prove injurious, on *any* subject."

The "bigoted infidel," or the "bigoted Christian," according to their belief, or unbelief, will hold the book to be either a blasphemous work or a useless and inconclusive one; but the liberal and enlightened everywhere will welcome it as a much needed and most valuable contribution to modern literature. Mrs. Child has been engaged upon it for several years, and her labours and researches to make it what such a work should be have been indefatigable. That it has been a thoroughly conscientious labour, it is unnecessary to say; but we may, not improperly, add that all the charms of her style enliven and enlighten a subject which, if not dull, in itself, would be very likely to become so in any but the most skilful hands.

HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF PHILIP II. By WM. H. PRESCOTT. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

Mr. Prescott's new work has already received a warm welcome from the public, always eager to accept anything from the slow and careful hand of an historian so accomplished, and whose reputation is so completely established. The reign of Philip II. embraces the latter half of the sixteenth century, and is one of the most romantic as well as important eras of European history. Previous writers have made it a familiar period to historical readers, but none have ever before brought to its illustration such ample materials as Mr. Prescott has gathered together for his work. The libraries of Europe, both public and private, have been ransacked for his purposes, and many a buried and forgotten MSS. has been brought to light in the private collections of the descendants of some of the distinguished actors in that brilliant period of Spanish history. New light is thus thrown upon many dark and mysterious passages of that age, and all its events are set forth in clearer and sometimes new relations.

The two volumes now published bring down the history to the deaths of Don Carlos and Queen Isabella. The subsequent volumes, we believe, are not yet announced.

GLANCES AND GLIMPSES; OR, FIFTY YEARS SOCIAL, INCLUDING TWENTY YEARS PROFESSIONAL LIFE. By HARRIOT K. HUNT, M.D. John P. Jewett & Co., Boston. Sheldon, Lamport & Blakeman, New York.

Dr. Hunt's cheerful and portly presence is so well known in Woman's Rights Conventions that those who have met her there will be likely to seek her in these memoirs of her own life. We have not had time to read them, but presume it to be an entertaining book, were it only because, like the Life of a Fugitive Slave, it presents a new phase of literature—Miss Hunt, as we observe by a casual glance, relating the struggles in which she has distinguished herself as the champion of Woman's Rights. It contains, however, much which is merely a relation of the ordinary experiences of her private life and her professional experiences, all of which are, no doubt, of great interest to her many friends.

THE BIBLE HISTORY OF PRAYER. WITH PRACTICAL REFLECTIONS. By CHARLES A. GOODRICH. John P. Jewett & Co., Boston. Sheldon, Lamport & Blakeman, New York.

To the student of the Bible this is a valuable and will prove an interesting work, giving, as it does, the history and occasion of most of the prayers of the Bible, particularly of the Old Testament, and an analysis of the prayers themselves. To make it attractive to the young, it is sometimes illustrated by anecdotes bearing upon its subject-matter. The author has availed himself very freely of the labours of previous and more general commentators upon the Bible.

THE CRAYON.—This journal of art, which, as a weekly paper, has gained a sterling reputation, is to be published hereafter as a monthly. Among its contributors and correspondents are Ruskin, Page, Bryant, Lowell, Huntington, Peale, and others well-known in the world of literature and art. But its highest merit, after all, is the earnestness and enthusiasm of the editors themselves, who feel what they say, and say what they think; and whose ability as art-critics is governed not merely by the wish to make an attractive journal, but by a conscientious sense of duty to art. Their aim is not so much to please as to instruct, and to elevate the tone in regard to art in this country. If the journal were not otherwise valuable, it would be worth reading for its thorough honesty.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 608, is mainly filled with brief articles, culled from Frazer's Magazine, Chambers's Journal, Examiner, Spectator, Household Words, Athenæum, Gentleman's Magazine, Notes and Queries, &c. New-York, Littell, Son & Co., 343 Broadway.

SOUTH CAROLINA BLUSTER.—Mr. Brooks, member of the United States House of Representatives from the Palmetto State, in the course of a speech, delivered a few days since, said:

"If they of the South could not have the Government administered as they believed the Constitution required, he desired to say to gentlemen of the North, without threat or taunt, that he wished them to make the issue here, for he never could understand that kind of patriotism or chivalry which caused a man to leave the hall and go home to his people to make the fight. This was the place, and he, for one, was willing to take his stand. If the question was to be decided *by arms*, they should meet it here like men, and tell their constituents that they were not willing, when danger presented itself, to run to them for protection, but that they, who had been appointed as their standard bearers, would, like men, assume the responsibility of *fighting the battle upon the floor of the House.*"

Time was when bluster like this made Northern representatives tremble with fear, but that day has passed forever, though it still suits the purpose of a few Northern demagogues to *pretend* that they are frightened lest the slaveholders should fulfil their threats. The Columbus (S. C.) *Times* affects to believe that the Union is on its last legs. It says:

"The passions of our people are fast becoming roused; and should they once overleap the bounds of prudence, and an appeal be made to arms on the plains of Kansas, there is no foreseeing the direful result. We trust the question of a separation may come up before Congress, should they ever organize, and, ere they adjourn, some plan be submitted to the people of dividing the Union and giving to each section so much of the common property as would be equitable; for we verily believe that two sections cannot long exist together harmoniously."

Proposals like these, on the part of the South, to dissolve the Union, are regarded by its self-constituted saviours as perfectly loyal and patriotic, while the Free Soilers, whose mouths are filled with protestations of reverential attachment to the Union, are set upon as disunionists and traitors. And herein is revealed the animus of the whole doughface tribe, in whose vocabulary slavery and the Union are synonymous terms.

DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.—Who sees not that to protect and prolong slavery the Union still continues, and that that is now made the chief end of its mission? Who knows not that the slaveholders generally admit the fact that, without the Union, slavery could not stand a single year? Will the South, then, cut its own throat, by demanding, or even consenting to, a dissolution of the Union? Never! Let no anti-slavery man, therefore, hesitate, on that account, to drive the Mother of Abominations to the wall, or, in other words, begin to think of laying the axe to the root of the tree.—*Green Mountain Freeman.*

The *Freeman* does not seem to be aware that its logic is two-edged. If it be a "fact," as that paper assumes and the slaveholders are said to admit, that the Union is the chief bulwark of slavery, without which it "could not stand a single year," why do Free Soil politicians and newspapers so constantly stultify themselves by their professions of devotion to the Union? Why, but for lack of moral courage, do they not come out openly and at once for its dissolution? If they are in earnest in their professions of hostility to slavery, why do they not come to the aid of those who seek to demolish its chief bulwark? In that way they would lay the axe at the root of the tree most effectually. If the slaveholders love the Union, should not anti-slavery men everywhere despise and loathe it? What concord hath Christ with Belial? What union hath Liberty with Slavery?

EX-GOV. BIGLER has been elected United States Senator from Pennsylvania. He is a politician of the sort which always minds the rein in the hands of party leaders, and will not be likely to stick at anything that the Slave Power asks at his hands. We have, however, this small consolation, that if he is no better, he is at least no worse than Cooper, his predecessor.

THE KANE PETITIONS.—Petitions for the impeachment of the infamous Kane have been circulated and signed in various places, and will be heard from at Washington as soon as the House gets organized.

HON. JOHN P. HALE is entitled to our thanks for the Report of the Secretary of the Interior in relation to the Mexican boundary.

OBITUARY.

DIED on Monday evening, December 17, 1855, WILLIAM GIBBONS, of New York. One who lately walked among us in the flush of youth and health, full of high hopes and "noble longings for the strife," has been suddenly called away; and the loss of one so widely known and loved has filled many hearts with sorrow. His short stay here sufficed to call round him a large circle of friends, who admired and respected him for the noble manliness of his character, his zeal and energy in every duty; and who loved him for his generous, kind and affectionate nature. Those who were intimate with him best knew the purity and uprightness of his life, his entire freedom from all selfish feelings, and his fidelity and devotion as a friend. They know, too, the tender filial love which animated him; and while they are mourning that he no longer comes among us, they will call to mind the desolate home—the heart-broken parents, who were fondly anticipating the time, now so near, that would return their only son to them—and sorrow will yield to earnest sympathy for those who feel his loss more keenly than we can ever do. But the same noble qualities which endeared him to them were those which made us love him here, and his memory will long be cherished among us with mingled pleasure and regret.—(*Cambridge*) *Harvard Magazine.*

Summary.

The Syracuse *Chronicle* says two hundred fugitive slaves have passed through that city the past year, and thirteen within the last twelve days.

Whittier, the poet of Freedom, has a new volume now in the press of Ticknor & Fields called "The Panorama and other Poems." "Maud Muller," among other favourites, will be included in the new book.

WESLEY AMENDED.—A cotemporary quoting Wesley's celebrated definition of slavery, for the "sum of all villanies," gives the "*scum* of all villanies." Not a bad emendation.—*Free Presbyterian.*

HIGH PRICE FOR NEGROES. — The Montgomery *Journal* learns that at an estate sale, a few days since, of the late Mr. Siller, of Pike County, Ala., ninety negroes sold at $64,000—an average of about $700. These, it is stated, also were inferior negroes, the refuse of a stock of hands.

It will be noticed by our Legislative report that Friend Joseph Davis, of this city, received quite a handsome vote for Chaplain in the House of Representatives. Mr. Davis is a prominent member of the Society of Friends and is reputed to have great "gifts" at speaking.—*New Bedford (Mass.) Standard.*

MORE FILLIBUSTERING.—A party of fillibusters, destined to join Walker in Nicaragua, is said to be organizing in Bergen, N. J., and to have already gained considerable strength. This party is expected to leave Bergen, in a coasting vessel, with their outfit and munitions, and be put on board a steamer in the lower bay of New York.

The Press destroyed at Leavenworth, was a Democratic paper, favoured the nomination of Douglas for the Presidency, and was edited by a gentleman from Tennessee. But it advocated a Free State Constitution, and thus subjected itself to the ill-will of the "Border Ruffians." Such acts cannot fail to give strength to the cause of Freedom and Justice in Kansas.

"Slavery," said Theodore Parker, in a recent Lecture, "is a wedge between the North and the South. The true men of the North try to pull it out, in order to unite and strengthen the Union, but Pierce and the Democratic Party, and the Straight Whigs, and the American Party, continually hammer it in, which is the only possible way of splitting the Union asunder."

LUDICROUS MISTAKE.—Some exquisite *feuilletons* have lately appeared in the Paris *Pays*, signed Marie Escudier. A young Englishman in Paris, fell in love with the lady from reading the criticisms, &c., and wrote to M. Leon Escudier, her brother, "telling his love" history, genealogy, &c., and asking the lady's hand in marriage. M. Leon Escudier wrote in answer that his sister was his brother.]

Michael Angelo must have been a wicked wag, not overburdened with the spirit of the true faith. It is said that when he was told that he had, in one of his paintings, given a too florid complexion to the Apostles Peter and Paul, he replied that he had not portrayed them as they appeared upon the earth, but as they were likely to look in heaven, where they blushed for the lives of their successors.

WEALTH OF ATLANTIC CITIES.—The wealth concentrated at the great commercial points of the United States is truly astonishing. For instance, one-eighth part of the entire property of this country is owned by the citizens of New York and Boston. Boston alone in its corporate limits owns one-twentieth of the entire Union, being an amount equal to the wealth of any three of the New England States, except Massachusetts. In this city is found the richest community, *per capita*, of any in the United States. The next city in point of wealth, according to its population, is Providence, R. I., which city is one of the richest in the Union, having a valuation of fifty-six millions, with a population of fifty thousand. The bare increase per annum of the wealth of Boston is equal to the entire valuation of many of the minor cities, such as Portland, Salem, New Bedford, Chicago, Louisville, &c.—*Boston Traveller.*

NORTHERN SETTLERS AT THE SOUTH.—The Boston (Mass.) *Courier* learns that some of the heavy business men of Boston are about removing to the State of Georgia for the purpose of delveloping some fine natural advantages peculiar to the locality there selected. They intend to establish a trading point around one of the finest water powers in the South, where will be manufactured to a large extent such goods as are wanted there, and are now brought from the North.

WHAT 'S IN A NAME?—George Washington was sold the other day in Virginia for $1000! For what intent could the name of Washington have been given to a slave? Did his mother fancy it as a prophecy of freedom?—or did his master give it as a burlesque? How did that name sound, ringing under the hammer of the auctioneer—"George Washington 800—here in Virginia—900—George Washington only 900—950—going, going, $1000 for George Washington——GONE."

A NOVEL ANSWER.—A few Sabbaths since, in a town in the vicinity of this city, a teacher of a Sunday school was engaged in questioning his pupils upon subjects connected with their previous studies in the Bible. At last, turning to a young Irishman, a member of the class, he asked "What Adam lost by the fall?" Pat for a few moments was apparently in a brown study, but at last his face brightened up as he interrogatively replied, "An' was it his hat, sir?"—*Traveller.*

CHARGE OF SEDUCTION AGAINST A BISHOP. — The *Cincinnati Sun* says, that for some time past charges of seduction have been under investigation against Bishop Hamline of that district. The *Sun* says that the affair promises to grow into open rupture between that portion of the church who believe the Bishop innocent, and those who support the Rev. Mr. Harlan, who prefers the charge. It is said that he is not the only Bishop in the United States against whom similar charges are pending.

MARRIAGE OF FANNY FERN.—This eccentric individual has made her third essay in matrimony, having married, on the 5th inst., Mr. James Parton, of New York. Her first husband, who was well known to Dedham people, died; the second, Mr. Farrington, did not die, but was di-vorced. Mr. Paxton is well known in literary circles as having taken "The Life of Horace Greeley," for which act retributive justice has at last overtaken him.—*Dedham (Mass.) Gazette.*

TELEGRAPHIC PROGRESS.—It is but eleven years since the first telegraph line, of 40 miles in length, of Professor Morse, was built, and now there are no less than 30,000 miles of telegraph wire on our continent. In Europe, lines of telegraph have been constructed to an extent rivalling those in America. The electric wire extends under the sea of the English Channel, the German Ocean and the Mediterranean. They pass from crag to crag on the Alps, and run through Italy, Switzerland, France, Germany and Russia. They may yet extend through the Atlantic Ocean.

LOCKED JAW.—The oldest case of this disease which stands recorded must be that referred to by a Scotch clergyman, who, while preaching to his congregation on the subject of Daniel in the lion's den, and his miraculous deliverance from so imminent a peril, thus proceeded:

"And what d' ye think was the reason why the lions dinna tear Daniel a' to pieces, and eat him up, eaven as a cat eats up a mouse? I dan't say nane o' ye can tell, noo. Very well. I'll tell ye how it was: *The Laird above, he gin 'em the locked jaw!*"

GOING THE WHOLE FIGURE.—At a meeting of the citizens of Goochland County, Va., on the 17th December, for the purpose of sending delegates to the Southern Commercial Convention, a resolution was adopted advocating the death penalty for slave stealing, confinement in the penitentiary for the attempt, and the admission of negro evidence against a suspected person. The resolutions also recommend arming the pilots of the Chesapeake Bay, at the expense of the State, and authorizing them to search suspected vessels.

IMPORTANT TO SLAVE-OWNERS.—A gentleman informs us that, some few mornings since, while standing at one of the railroad depots in this city, he saw a free negro go to the ticket office, exhibit his free papers, and then purchase a passage ticket to a neighbouring town. Immediately after, he saw this same negro furnish a servant with a ticket he had procured, and the slave, instead of the free negro, left in the cars. If impositions of this sort can be practiced on the railroad companies by free negroes, owners of slaves have no earthly security for their property.—*Richmond Despatch.*

PORTABLE GAS.—We are told there is a gentleman in Allenton, Pa., who makes his own gas; and from a small beginning, in letting one neighbour after another have gas from his tank, he is now laying pipes all about town. He also makes regular deliveries to families out of town of gas, which he supplies to their little reservoirs from a gas wagon, which is driven around. It may seem paradoxical, but he starts out with a bursting load; and when he returns empty, he has a heavier cargo than when he started. Is there no Yankee in Philadelphia shrewd enough to see a profitable business in this line around our city boundaries?—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Rev. S. J. May, of Syracuse, took occasion on Sunday morning to speak of the drunkenness and profanity witnessed at the late fire in that city, destroying Weiting Hall, as far more appalling and dreadful than the ruin caused by the fire itself. Fine buildings cannot make a beautiful city. Men and women morally beautiful, are the only ornaments of the world. He would be willing to see the city prostrated to the earth if from the ruins could arise men and women fearing God and working righteousness. We might then be obliged to live in shanties, but the city would be beautiful—a "city of our God."—*Fred. Douglass's Paper.*

The *Woonsocket Patriot* says that the portion of the President's message which relates to slavery will be "more palatable at the South than at the North." We are not sure; it is wormwood to the North and Ipecac to the South; it angers the one and disgusts the other. It is as unwise an exhibition as it is unjust. Even if it could command the confidence of the South, the Southern delegates to the National Democratic Convention, with reference to which it was so evidently written, would say: "We like this man, but it will not do to nominate him; he cannot get a Northern State; we must take some one who will act on such sentiments, but who has not yet declared them."—*Prov. Journal.*

SLAVERY TO RULE EVERYTHING.—The editor of the Toledo *Blade*, now in Washington, writes to his paper some interesting letters. The following extract from a recent one shows what the slaveholders contend

Miscellaneous Department.

Translated for The Standard.

SOUVENIR

OF THE

NIGHT OF THE FOURTH OF DECEMBER, 1851.

From the French of Victor Hugo.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

His little head all cloven by their bullets,
We bore the infant to his humble home.
A bough the priest had blessed hung o'er a portrait
Where the old grandmother stood by and wept.
His helpless arms hung heavily from his shoulders;
His little beech-wood top was still upon him.
You've seen the mulberry bleeding in the hedges?—
One might have laid a finger in his wounds.
Silently we undressed him, while his pale
Half-opened lips fell lifelessly apart,
And death was swimming in his ghastly eye.
The poor old mother watched as we went on:
"How white he is!" she said; "bring near the lamp!
How his poor curls are clotted to his temples!"—
And when we had finished, took him on her lap.
The night was wild and dark—and still we heard
The musket-shots of murder in the street.
"The poor child must be buried," then we said;
And took a white sheet from the walnut press.
The poor old mother brought him to the fire
As if to warm the limbs already stiffened.
Alas!—what death has touched with his cold fingers
May never more be warmed by mortal hearth!
She bowed her head and drew his stockings off,
And held the cold feet in her withered hands.
"Now is it not a thing to break one's heart?"
She said; "Ah, Sirs, he was not eight years old!
His masters, for he went to school, all praised him;
And when I had a letter to be sent,
'Twas always he that wrote it out for me.
And now they set to work to murder babies!
And ah! my God! What are they, then, but ruffians?
He prayed this morn before the window there!
And they have murdered the poor little thing!
They fired upon him passing in the street!
Sir, he was good and kind as the child Jesus!
For me, I am old: 'tis time that I should go.
No harm had come if Monsieur Bonaparte
Had but killed me in place of my poor baby."
Her voice was choked by sobbing, and we all
With one accord wept with her, who stood round.
"What will become of me, alone!" she said:
"Some of you, tell me that before you go!
Ah! he was all I had left of his mother.
Tell me, for I *will* know!—why did they kill him!
He never cried, *Vive la Republique!*"
Silent and still we stood, with heads uncovered,
Trembling before this inconsolable anguish.

Mother! you don't see into politics!
Monsieur *Napoleon* (*that's* his name to-day)
Is poor; a prince too. He loves palaces;
It likes him to have horses and gay laqueys;
Gold for his games, his table, his shameless bed!
His hunting too; and by that same occasion,
He saves the family, the Church, the State.
He must have St. Cloud with its summer roses,
Where mayors and prefects may go worship him.
Therefore it is, the poor old mother
Must sadly fold, with her pale trembling fingers,
The seven years' infant in his bloody shroud.

Jersey 2d December, 1851.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

From The London Daily News.

THE author of *The Pleasures of Memory* died at his house, in St. James'-place, yesterday morning, about half an hour after midnight, in the 96th years of his age.

Samuel Rogers has been spoken of ever since anybody can remember as "Rogers the Poet." It is less as a poet, however, that his name will live than as a patron of literature—probably the last of that class who will in England be called a Mecœnas. His life was a remarkable one, from the great age he attained during a critical period of civilization; and his function was a remarkable one—that of representing the bridge over which literature has passed from the old condition of patronage to the new one of independence. He heard "the talk of the town" (recorded by Dr. Adams) on Johnson's Letter to Lord Chesterfield; and he lived to see the improvement of the copyright law, the removal of most of the taxes on knowledge, and so vast an increase of the reading public as has rendered the function of patron of authorship obsolete. No patron could now help an author to fame; and every author who has anything genuine to say can say it without dreaming of any application to a rich man. Samuel Rogers lived through the whole period when the publishers were the patrons, and witnessed the complete success of Mr. Dickens's plan of independence of the publishers themselves. He was a youth of fifteen or thereabouts when half "the town" was scandalized at Dr. Johnson's audacity in saying what he did to Lord Chesterfield, and the other half was delighted at the courage of the rebuke. It was not long before that the "Letters of Junius" had burst upon the political world; and Rogers was quite old enough to understand the nature of the triumph, when the prosecution of Woodfall failed, and the press preserved its liberty under the assaults of royal and ministerial displeasure. His connections in life fixed his attention full on the prosecution of Priestley and other vindicators of liberty of speech; while he saw, in curious combination with this phase, that kind of patronage which even the Priestleys of those days accepted as a matter of course: Dr. Priestley living with Lord Shelburne, without office; and afterwards his being provided with an income by the subscriptions of friends, to enable him to carry on his philosophical researches. Then came the new aspect of things, when the Byrons, the Moores, Campbells and Scotts, were the clients of the Murrays, the Longmans and the Constables—that curious, but rather short, transition stage when, as Moore said, the patron learned perforce, through interest, the taste which had not been formed by education. Those were the days of bookselling monopoly, when the publisher decided what the reading public should have to read, and at what price. Rogers saw that monopoly virtually destroyed; the greatness of the great houses passing away, or reduced to that of trade eminence simply, and authors and the public brought face to face, or certain to be so presently. His own function, all the while, was a mixed one, in accordance with the changes of the time. He was, in the course of his long life, both client and patron; and for a great part of it he was both at once. His purse was open to the poor author, and his influence with the great publisher was at his service, while he himself sat at great men's tables as a poet and a wit more even than as a *connoisseur* in art, and certainly much more than as a rich banker. The last character he kept out of sight as much as possible. When, some years since, his bank was robbed to so enormous an amount by the pillage of a safe that everybody supposed it must stop payment; and when it did not stop, and all his great friends testified their sympathy first, and then their joy, it was a curious thing to observe the old poet's bearing, and to hear the remarks upon it. He was wonderfully reserved, and passed off the whole with a few quiet jokes, through which was plainly seen his mortification at being recognised as a banker, in a sphere where he hoped he was known as an associate of the great, and the first *connoisseur* in England.

His was not a case of early determination of the course of life. In his early youth, his father one evening asked all the boys what they would be. Sam would not tell unless he might write it down, for nobody but his father to see. What he wrote was, "A Unitarian Minister." He was destined for business, however; but his love of literature was not thwarted by it. We have seen Moore die in decrepid old age; yet did Moore, in his boyhood (when he was fourteen), delight in Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory," the poem being then so common as to have found its way into schools, in class-books and collections. When young Horner came to London to begin his career, he found Rogers a member of the King of Clubs, the intimate of Mackintosh (who was his junior), Scarlett, Sharpe, and others—long gone to the grave as old men—and one, Maltby, who was a twin wonder with himself as to years. The last evening that Mackintosh spent in London before his departure for India was at Rogers's. "Somewhat a melancholy evening" we are told it was; and the host, then between forty and fifty, must have felt the uncertainty of the party reassembling to spend more such evenings as those that were gone. And some were dead before Mackintosh returned; but the host lived to tell, half a century afterwards, of the sober sadness of that parting converse. It was Rogers who "blabbed" about the duel between Jeffrey and Moore, and was the cause of their folly being rendered harmless; and it was he who bailed Moore; it was he who negotiated a treaty of peace between them; and it was at his house that they met and became friends. Such were his services of one kind to literature—using his dignity of seniority to keep these young wits in order. He must have been lively in those days—"the bachelor," as his name was among his friends, and he never married. Moore names him as one of "those agreeable rattles who seem to think life such a treat that they never can get enough of it." One wonders whether he had had enough of it fifty years later, when Sydney Smith (one of the agreeable rattles) had long laid down his, after having for some time told his comrades that he thought life a "very middling affair," and should not be sorry when he had done with it. There was much to render life agreeable to a man of Rogers's tastes, it must be owned. He saw Garrick, and watched the entire career of every good actor since. All the Kembles fell within his span. He heard the first remarks on the "Vicar of Wakefield," and read, damp from the press, all the fiction that has appeared since from the Burneys, the Edgeworths, the Scotts, the Dickenses, and the Thackerays. As for the poetry, he was aghast at the rapidity with which the Scotts, Byrons and Moores poured out their works; and even Campbell was too quick for him—he, with all his leisure, and being always at it, producing to the amount of two 8vo volumes in his whole life. The charge of haste and incompleteness alleged against his *Columbus*, in the *Edinburgh Review*, forty years since, was very exasperating to him, and so absurd that one cannot but suspect Sydney Smith of being the author of it, for the sake of contrast with his conversational description of Rogers's method of composition. Somebody asked, one day, whether Rogers had written anything lately. "Only a couplet," was the reply—(the couplet being his celebrated epigram on Lord Dudley). "*Only* a couplet!" exclaimed Sydney Smith, "Why, what would you have? When Rogers produces a couplet, he goes to bed, and the knocker is tied—and straw is laid down—and candle is made—and the answer to inquiries is that Mr. Rogers is as well as can be expected." Thus, while he was cogitating his few pages of verse, "daily adding couplets," as Moore said, showing a forthcoming poem in boards, "but still making alterations," he was now and then seeing a whole new world of poetical subject and treatment laid open; and not seldom helping to facilitate the disclosure. Moore always said that he owed to Rogers the idea of *Lalla Rookh*. Rogers had lingered so long over his story of the *Foscari*, that Byron did it first, to his great distress; but he received the drama with a very good grace. Meantime, he was always substantially helping poor poets. Besides the innumerable instances, known only to his intimates, of the attention he bestowed, as well as the money, in the case of poetical basket-makers, poetical footmen, and other such hopeless sons of the muse, his deeds of munificence towards men of genius were too great to be concealed. His aids to Moore have been recently made known by the publication of *Moore's Diaries*. It was Rogers who secured to Crabbe the £3,000 from Murray, which were in jeopardy before. He advanced £500 to Campbell to purchase a share of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, and refused security. And he gave thought, took trouble, used influence and adventured advice. This was the conduct and the method of the last of the patrons of literature in England.

All honour to him for this. But not the less must the drawbacks be brought into the account. In recording the last of any social phase, it is dishonest to present the bright parts without the shadows: and Rogers's remarkable position was due almost as much to his faults as his virtues. He was, plainly speaking, at once a flatterer and a cynic. It was impossible for those who knew him best to say, at any moment, whether he was in earnest or covert jest. Whether he ever was in earnest, there is no sort of evidence but his acts; and the consequence was that his flattery went for nothing, except with novices, while his causticity bit as deep as he intended. He would begin with a series of outrageous compliments, in a measured style which forbade interruption; and, if he was allowed to finish, would go away and boast how much he had made a victim swallow. He would accept a constant seat at a great man's table, flatter his host to the top of his bent, and then, as is upon record, go away and say that the company there was got up by conscription—that there were two parties before whom everybody must appear, his host and the police. Where it was safe, he would try his sarcasms on the victims themselves. A multitude of his sayings are rankling in people's memories which could not possibly have had any other origin than the love of giving pain. Some were so atrocious as to suggest the idea that he had a sort of psychological curiosity to see how people could bear such inflictions. Those who could bear them, and especially those who despised them, stood well with him. In that case there was something more like reality in the tone of his subsequent intercourse than in ordinary cases. The relation which this propensity of his bore to his position was direct. It placed him at great men's tables and kept him there, more than any other of his qualifications. His poetry alone would not have done it. His love and knowledge of art would not have done it; and much less his wealth. His causticity was his pass-key everywhere. Except the worship paid to the Railway King for his wealth, we know of nothing in modern society so extraordinary and humiliating as the deference paid to Rogers for his ill nature. It became a sort of public apprehension, increasing with his years, till it ceased to be disgraceful in the eyes of the coteries, and the flatterer was flattered, and the backbiter was propitiated, almost without disguise or shame, on account of his bitter wit. "Rogers amusing and sarcastic as usual." This note of Moore's may stand as the general description of him by those who hoped, each for himself, to propitiate the cynic. As age advanced upon him, the admixture of the generous and the malignant in him became more singular. A footman robbed him of a large quantity of plate; and of a kind which was inestimable to him. He was incensed, and desired never to hear of the fellow more (the man having absconded). Not many months afterwards, Rogers was paying the passage to New York of the man's wife and family—somebody having told him that that family junction might afford a chance of the man's reformation. Such were his deeds at the very time that his tongue was dropping verjuice, and his wit was sneering behind backs at a whole circle of old friends and hospitable entertainers. Such was the curious human problem offered to the analyst of character, and such is the needful explanation of the mixed character of client and patron which Rogers sustained to the last.

His celebrated literary breakfasts will not be forgotten during the generation of those who enjoyed them. They became at last painful, when the aged man's memory failed, while his causticity remained. His hold on life was very strong. He who was an authority on the incidents of the Hastings trial, and who was in Fox's room when he was dying—he who saw George III. a young man, and was growing into manhood when Johnson went to the Hebrides, survived for several years, being run over by a cab of the construction of the middle of the nineteenth century. His poetry could scarcely be said to live so long as himself, as it was rather the illustrations with which it was graced than the verse itself that kept his volumes on sale and within view. The elegance and correctness of his verse are beyond question: but the higher and more substantial qualities of true poetry will hardly be recognised there. It should be remembered that there is a piece of prose written of his of which Mackintosh said that "Hume could not improve the thoughts nor Addison the language." That gem is the piece on "Assassination," in his *Italy*. In it may be clearly traced the influence of his early nonconformist education. When he wrote it, half a lifetime ago, worldliness had not quite choked the good seed of early-sown philosophy; and the natural magnanimity of the man was not extinguished by the passions—as strong as any in their way—which spring from the soil of conventionalism. If Rogers is to be judged by his writings, let it be by such fragments as that little essay; if further, by his deeds rather than his words. So may the world retain the fairest remembrance of the last English Mecœnas, and the only man among us perhaps who has illustrated in his own person the position at once of patron and of client.

FLORA OF THE COLOSSEUM OF ROME.

BY RICHARD DEAKIN, M.D.

WHERE a Roman mob roared louder than the wild beasts, as the Jews bled on the sand beneath, is now a silent ruin, where the owls build, and the tourist quotes Byron's lines—where, in a few days, five thousand wild beasts perished to delight the brute men, now trail the caper and the bramble. Among the plants in this great "ring" of the Roman "fancy" are the culinary fennel, with its pungent stalk; the fiddle-dock, our own wayfarer; and the ill-odoured garlic, delight of the Andalusian. From the blood stained soil, once a fish-pond in Nero's palace garden, close to the Baths of Titus, where the Laocoon was found — and opposite the temple of Venus—where elephants, lions, panthers and rhinoceroses were all mixed up—now bloom the sweet-scented clematis, with its tangle of white stars and green leaves, and the pink anemone that clouds the grey stones in spring with the flush of a transitory morning. Below it flower the poisonous but scented ranunculus, the blue lark-spur, the bell-shaped mallow, and the stunted yellow stonecrop. There is the cherry that Lucullus brought from Asia; and the wild pear, sprung, perhaps, from stray seed blown from dead Cæsar's garden. The herbalist comes hither to gather the scented roots of the herb bennet, which is a tonic—or the potentillas, which are febrifuges—the flax, which is a cathartic—and the madder, wonderful in its dye. Children follow them to climb for the bramble fruit and the wild strawberry, to gather leaves for the salad—treading down the pink and the wild vine to get at the scented wallflower and the blue eyebright.

All sorts of legends cluster round these stones and take root with the flowers. There grows trefoil, that is dreaded by witches—St. John's wort, that drives away demons—saxifrage, sacred to the moon—vervain, the Druids' herb—and lolium, reprobated by the Poet of Mantua. Every season robes the Colosseum in some fresh fashion. In May there is the white rose, the violet, the pink, the spotted catchfly, the sandwort, the cistus, the geranium, and the common poppy. In June break out the stork's bill, the yellow wood-sorrel, the golden broom, the vetch, the red valerian, and the honeysuckle that the goat browses on. In July there is the snapdragon, the scarlet pimpernel and the gaudy nightshade. So the seasons pass, with their shiftings of hues and colours.

How strangely has the old field of death changed into the nursery of wild flowers. Not a single seat now remains—the upper gallery of the fourth story is destroyed; but Nature has laid no curse on the place where so many Christian martyrs were given to the lions, and where our ancestors fought and the children of Israel perished.

The author says that 420 species of plants are found growing upon the Colosseum, including 253 genera, and illustrations of 66 of the natural orders of plants. There are 59 species of grasses, 47 of the syngenesious plants, and 41 of the pea tribe. This is in an inclosed space of six acres of ground, a limit that does not include the walls and ruins. This space includes a great variety of soil and temperature. The lower north side is damp, while the upper walls and accumulated mould are warm and dry; and the south side is still hotter and more Italian.

It seems a strange mutation that one of the most innocent and poetical of the sciences should now choose the Colosseum as its favourite haunt—a place that was at one time the charnel-house of the world. Here the swarth Egyptian and the Briton with his blue-dyed skin, the agile Moor and the crisp-haired Nubian struggled and died amid the shouts of Rome, uproarious on its holidays; here dying men watched for the upward or downward thumbs, and died cursing the Roman and his gods. Sometimes at the same moment there were writhing together in the great circus, horsemen, footmen, Thracians, Samnites, men with nets and tridents, square shields and round bucklers, with bards of enraged lions, fleet ostriches and swift camelopards, Christian martyrs and Pagan felons, professional gladiators of the Suburra, and naked barbarians from the Rhine. Here a thousand stags bore their forests of antlers, or a thousand wild boars grunted and churned their foam. Here the blue and the green factions, the Thrax and the Mirmillo brawled and shouted, while, amid the showers of broken benches and quick missiles, Nero himself set the Imperial example of breaking a prætor's head. Here by torchlight men bled for Domitian's pleasure; or Jews, their robes still black with the smoke of the temple of Zion, passed in solemn procession to their death.—*Athenæum.*

For The Standard.

THE BLIGHTED HARVEST.

A BLIGHT came o'er, a blight came o'er
My harvest field so fair and wide;
The blackened grain was cast aside—
The ploughshare hid forever more
Each vestige of my joy and pride.

It was the staff on which I leaned—
I watched its growth day after day—
What golden dreams around it lay!
How green, and fair, and strong it seemed!
Now from the earth 'twas swept away.

Yet over all, yet over all—
The bitter grief which tortured me—
A soft voice said consolingly:
God careth for the sparrow's fall;
Will he not love and care for thee?

The gentle voice I heeded not;
My eyes were filled with unshed tears;
I thought of those poor blighted ears:
Earth seemed a poor and barren spot,
And blighted too were all my years.

October's sun, October's sun
Shed golden radiance on the land;
My glowing cheek the breezes fann'd,
I who had stood faint hearted one,
And seen his ship wrecked on the strand.

I stood among the waving corn
Which grew upon the blighted field;
O God, how glorious was the yield!
For *me*, who laughed poor Hope to scorn,
Who saw his doom forever sealed.

Forever green, forever green
The memory of that field shall be.
My heart is strong and brave and free;
I have a staff whereon I lean—
A staff which never faileth me.

T. E. D.

THE GOSPEL OF ST. FUST.

I REMEMBER having read a description of a true Christian Church, I know not where, I recollect not by whom, but I can repeat the words:

A band of faithful men,
Met for God's worship in some humble room,
Or screened from foes by midnight's starlit gleam,
On hill side or lone glen,
To hear the councils of His Holy Word,
Pledged to each other and their common Lord,
These, few as they may be,
Compose a church such as, in pristine age,
Defied the tyrant's steel, the bigot's rage;
For where but two or three,
Whate'er the place, in faith's Communion meet,
There, with Christ present, is a church complete.

And I have also read, I trust not without profit, the account of a Christian Church, revealed last week by the Inquisitor-General of the Consistory Court of Doctors' Commons—I mean by Dr. Lushington, who, for the long space of three mortal hours, proceeded to settle issue between those holy chieftains who have fought so gallantly in the religious crusade of Belgravia. From which I learn that many things more are needed to make a "church complete" than the spirit and authority of its Divine Master. For Dr. Lushington, with all the dignity of an apostle, and with all the solemnity of one who legislates upon the affairs of an immortal life, cautiously proceeds to ordain that a Church requires other and far different ingredients than the "humble room," the "lone glen," or the "hill-side"; and, therefore, we find him discoursing of such articles as "stone altars," "wooden crosses," "credence tables," "embroidered coverings," "ornamental lace," "gilded candlesticks," "coloured screens," "brazen gates," "tombed-shaped tables," "two-feet high images," and "communion tables endowed with the element of moveability."

The good doctor undertakes to decide whether any or whether all of these painted and gilded baubles are needed to perfect that community of the faithful who have been redeemed by Divine sacrifice; and he has so much difficulty to solve this simple problem as to extort from me my most ardent sympathy, a sympathy never withheld from those who are distracted and distressed. "I have," he informs the public, "personally inspected the church in order to satisfy my mind upon the structure and appearances of things." "I feel bound in candour," he continues, "to say that the difficulty in deciding presses me very sorely." "I cannot overcome it with satisfaction to my own mind." But he takes courage. "Beset with difficulties, I have earnestly considered what principle I ought to adopt, what course I ought to pursue." Courage grows upon him. "Nevertheless, I dare say I may decide what course might be the best calculated to meet the exigency of the case." The cold sweat descends from his brow, but undaunted he cries, "Notwithstanding, I have determined to look boldly in the face of difficulties and consider everything." Whereupon, with trembling anxiety and with bated breath, and after exhausting a deluge of subjunctive moods and qualifying expletives, he is able to decide that but and if, yet, nevertheless, and notwithstanding, it does certainly appear to his unprejudiced mind that "the word table has more meanings than one," that "the form and shape of a tomb is an aggravation," that he "should be very reluctant to press the point of moveability," that "credence tables should not be permitted," that "crosses must be deemed ornamental," but he cannot venture upon the undertaking to decide whether "crosses and images are the same," although he may undoubtedly believe that "candlesticks might be allowed in cathedrals," yet not to the end "that candles might be lit"; and while he doubts whether the Consistory Court should "scan the make and size of each candlestick," he does not hesitate to say that "five differently coloured coverings for the communion table" are wrong, while "lace and embroidery are but a meretricious display of fantastic and unnecessary ornament." Etcetera, etcetera. Dr. Lushington had the disagreeable task committed to him of solving problems "which," says he, "are not easy, but most difficult of solution," yet, "being bound to undertake the task," he laboured with great zeal and assiduity for several long months, and the result of so much faithful and conscientious industry is that record which he has given to the world of a Christian Church perfected, replenished, completed, and improved as Royal authority would direct, and after the Christian religion has had the advantage of nineteen centuries of experience, enlightenment and civilization.

There may be some personal friends of my own who, not having perused the inspired wisdom of Dr. Lushington, are anxious to know why he became so puzzled in dealing with matters which a Zwinglius or a Cromwell would not have taken one minute to solve. I will explain. The difference lies in the appeal to authority. In Doctors' Commons there are certain standard authorities for the settlement of all cases of conscience, and, unfortunately, neither the apostles nor the prophets of Sacred Writ form any part of the appeal to which the Doctors' Commons doctors fall back. "To arrive at a just and legal decision," quoth Lushington, "I must appeal to several sources." And he does so. First, to acts of Parliament; second, to contemporaneous construction; third, to ecclesiastical common law; fourth, to judicial decisions; fifth, to canons now in force; sixth, to usage and custom; seventh, to books of antiquity and history; eighth, to the writings of theologians; ninth, to the principles and reasons upon which usage is founded; tenth, to the *quocunque modo* by which authority can fairly be traced; and, lastly, finally and implicitly, to the decisions of Sir HERBERT JENNER FUST. These are the authorities, and there are no other. Dr. Lushington specifies the authorities as I have done, and he never alludes to CHRIST. He gives eleven—he dreams not there may be a twelfth; and, having exhausted *ten* sources of ecclesiastical divination, he takes shelter in the eleventh, and triumphantly exclaims, "*I follow Sir Herbert Jenner Fust.*"

Be it so. I speak on behalf of my own conscience. Paul I know, and Peter and John I know, and James, and Luke, Matthew, and Jude. But who is Fust?

It was my misfortune to have been educated in the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and, therefore, I never heard of a credence table till last week. Nor can I understand what is the use of a candlestick and a candle unless the one is to be elevated and the other is to be lit. I confess that I might have attended public worship south of the Tweed for half a century, and never have observed whether the cloth that covered a table had a plain hem or a crimpled fringe. I have been taught that iniquity is a crime, compromise a lie, and policy a deceit; I have also been educated to believe that charity is a virtue, faith an essential, resurrection a demonstration, and immortal life a fact; but whether an altar should be made of stone or wood, with its joints moveable or fixed, its top carved and its gates brazen, are questions upon which I have thought it my duty to exercise a sublime indifference. Nay, I frankly avow, without any disrespect to the convictions of the most pious, that neither lace, gilding, drapery, or ornament, neither brass, iron, wood, or stone, have anything whatever to do with that homage of the heart which it is my duty to bestow in presence of the Sublime and the Eternal. According to the gospel of St. Fust, I am required to bend down before an altar which is not fixed to the ground, in the presence of candles which never are to be lit, and with a special care that the candlesticks are less than "one yard in height, and eight inches in circumference"; whereas, according to the doctrine taught at the well of Jacob, in the region of Samaria, I am given to understand that the only true devotion is within the secret recess of the soul, and all the more true in the absence of dramatic decoration and fantastic performance. Even Cato, a heathen, rises up in judgment against Rabbi Fust:

"Si Deus est animus, nobis ut carmina dicunt,
Hic tibi præcipue para sit mente colendus."

The inquisitors of the Consistory Court may, however, know as little of Cato as they do of Christ, but they may have heard of the Czar and the serfs of the Russian empire. So have we. And I hold it to be only simple justice that if the British people continue to subjugate the glorious religion of the Son of Man to the twaddling interpretation of Doctors' Commons, no more must we hear it proclaimed that while Russia is a barbarous kingdom, England is of all nations the most civilized.—"*Saxon,*" *in The (London) Empire.*

CURIOUS AUTOGRAPHS.

IN the *Athenæum Français*, there is an interesting account of a collection of autographs disposed of by auction last month in Paris. It belonged to the bookseller A. A. Renouard, whose valuable library was sold last winter; and comprehended 3,000 autographs of learned and literary men, and other celebrities, including Bossuet, Pascal, La Fontaine, Mabillon, Malebranche, Newton, Ramée, Fréret, Gessner, Linnæus, Prudhon, Sterne, Vernet, Saint Vincent de Paul, Catharine de Medicis, the Bonapartes, Caylus, Turenne, Varignon, René II. of Lorraine, Bayle, Beaumarchais, Bernouilli, &c.

Several of these little morsels pique the curiosity; for instance, a note from Buffon, addressed to some unknown lady, and alluding to some unknown great man. It commences: "My adorable and most estimable friend!" It is positive inhumanity to publish a document like this, which reads like the beginning of a romantic episode in the life of the philosopher, with both sequel and title wanting. A compliment of one less known, the gay and pretentious Guez de Balzac, is worth repeating. He had been offered the friendship of La Mothe le Vayer, but being called suddenly out of town, and thus unable to return his personal thanks for the honour, he writes that "if the offer was the price of so inconsiderable a present as he could send M. le Vayer, never had a man gained so much as himself in the way of exchange: you are like the Indians," he adds, "who thought they overreached the Spaniards in giving them gold for glass." The Duchess de Chaulnes, in 1746, wrote to somebody, "You are quite right, my dear marmot"; and the Marchioness de Pompadour addresses the husband of the same duchess with such charming familiarity as "Good-day, my pig."

There is something characteristic from Rousseau to St. Pierre. The latter had sent him a packet, but Jean Jacques being engaged with company, did not open it at the moment. When this was at length done, he found it to be a present of coffee, and immediately writes thus: "Sir, we have seen each other only once, and you already begin with presents. My custom is to shun the constraint of unequal company, and not to see those who make me feel it. It is at your option either to leave this coffee with me or to send and get it back: if you choose the former, be satisfied with my thanking you for it, and so let us end there." This is capital as a piece of philosophical affectation and impertinence.

Here is something very different from Montesquieu, written to a lady of Florence: "Florence is a handsome town; and they speak there of the prince neither in black nor white. The ministers go a-foot, and when it rains, they carry a well-waxed umbrella; the ladies alone have a nice carriage, for to them all honour is due. We go home in the evening by the light of a little lantern, about the size of one's hand, with a little bit of wax candle-end stuck in it. Everybody lives at his ease; for little being necessary, there is plenty of superfluity, and that keeps the house peaceful and gay, instead of being always troubled like ours by the importunity of our creditors. Women are as free as in France, but they do not shew it so much, and have not that air of contempt for their condition."

One more specimen: it is a love-letter to Robespierre—a bandful of flowers thrown by a sentimental enthusiast into the Committee of Public Safety. Robespierre's theory, abstractedly, was holy and sublime, and he gave, therefore, with alacrity, as things comparatively insignificant, the innumerable blood-offerings it demanded. In like manner, a girl-widow saw only the apostle of Liberty illumined with his aureola; and so intense was her admiration of the portrait, that she was blind to the tears, deaf to the screams, and insensible to the charnel-house smell that to another would have seemed to fill his presence.

"I have been in love with thee ever since the beginning of the Revolution; but being then in chains, I was able to subdue my passion. I am now free, having lost my husband in the war of La Vendée; and I desire, in the presence of the Supreme Being, to declare to thee my sentiments. I flatter myself, my dear Robespierre, that thou wilt feel the avowal I now make to thee. Such avowals cost women something; but the paper alone suffers, and we blush less at a distance than when face to face with their object. Thou art my supreme divinity, and I know no other on the earth save thee. I regard thee as my tutelary angel, and do not wish to live but under thy laws: they are so sweet, that I swear to thee, if thou art as free as I, to unite myself to thee for life. I offer thee the true qualities of a good republican, four thousand livres a year, and a young widow of twenty-two. If this offer should be acceptable, answer me, I entreat thee. My address is, the Widow Jakin, poste restante, Nantes. I beg thee to address me thus, lest my mother should scold me." The letter was found among his papers after Robespierre's death, but we cannot tell whether the romance went further than the opening chapter. Perhaps he never saw the enthusiastic widow, and suffered no temptation from her fortune of one hundred and sixty pounds a year; but, for all that, her letter, we have no doubt, when catching his eye sometimes in the momentary pauses of his life, sent a not unpleasing glow to the cheek of the blood-boltered republican.—*Chambers's Journal.*

MAXIMS OF CONFUCIUS.

CONFUCIUS was a Chinese philosopher who lived about five hundred years before the Christian era. The following are a few of his wise sayings:

It is impossible that he who knows not how to govern and reform himself and his own family, can rightly govern and reform a people.

If we contemn and mortally hate a person by reason of certain defects which we observe in him, and render not justice to his good and excellent qualities, if endowed therewith; if we permit ourselves to be troubled with too great a fear; if we abandon ourselves to an immoderate joy or to an excessive sorrow, it cannot be said that our mind is in the state wherein it ought to be, that it has rectitude and uprightness.

There are some men who surpass the bounds of mediocrity by affecting to have extraordinary virtues. They covet always to have something marvellous in their actions, to the end that posterity may praise and extol them. Certainly, says Confucius, I shall never be enamoured with these glittering actions, where vanity and self-love have ever a greater share than virtue. I would only know and practice what is necessary to be known and practiced everywhere.

There are four rules according to which a perfect man ought to square himself:

1. He ought to practice, in respect of his father, what he requires from his son.

2. In the service of the state he ought to show the same fidelity which he demands from those under him.

3. He must act, in respect of his elder brother, after the same manner he would that his younger brother should act toward himself.

4. He ought to behave himself toward his friends as he desires his friends should carry themselves toward him. The perfect man continually acquits himself of these duties, how common soever they appear. If he happen to perceive he has done amiss in anything, he is not at rest till he has repaired his fault: if he find that he has omitted any considerable duty, there is not any violence which he does not to himself, perfectly to accomplish it. He is moderate and reserved in his discourses; he speaks with circumspection: if to him occur a great affluence of words, he presumes not to expose it; he restrains himself. He is so rigorous a censor of himself that he is not at rest when his words correspond not to his actions, and his actions to his words. Now, the way by which a man arrives at this perfection is a solid and constant virtue.

If a person has deviated from the path of integrity and innocence, he needs only to excite the good that remains to make atonement by pains and industry, and he will infallibly arrive at the highest state of virtue.

We ought to be so far mild and courteous as to forget the offences of others when they show signs of sincere repentance. We ought to treat them as if they had been innocent, and so far to forget their faults, by our carriage toward them, as to make those who have committed them in some measure forget them, and so lose sight of that disgrace which can only discourage the pursuit of virtue.

A good man never afflicts himself, nor fears anything; he contemns injuries, credits not reproaches, and even refuses to hear bad reports.

The virtue which is not supported with seriousness gains no reputation among men.

Always remember that thou art a man, that human nature is frail, and that thou mayest easily fall; and thou shalt never fall. But if, happening to forget what thou art, thou chancest to fall, be not discouraged; remember that thou mayest rise again; that it is in thy power to break the bands which join thee to thy offence, and to subdue the obstacles which hinder thee from walking in the paths of virtue.

When thou doest homage to any one, see that thy submission be proportioned to the homage thou owest him; there are stupidity and pride in doing too little; but in overacting it there are abjection and hypocrisy.

He who in his studies wholly applies himself to labour and exercise, and neglects meditation, loses his time; and he who applies himself to meditation, and neglects experimental exercise, does not only wander and lose himself. The first can never know anything exactly; his knowledge will always be intermixed with doubts and obscurities; and the last will only pursue shadows; his knowledge will never be certain, it will never be solid. Labour, but slight not mediation; meditate, but slight not labour.

DO UNTO ANOTHER WHAT YOU WOULD HE SHOULD DO UNTO YOU; AND DO NOT UNTO ANOTHER WHAT YOU WOULD NOT SHOULD BE DONE UNTO YOU. THOU ONLY NEEDEST THIS LAW ALONE, IT IS THE FOUNDATION AND PRINCIPLE OF ALL THE REST.

The wise man has no sooner cast his eyes upon a good man than he endeavours to imitate his virtue; but the same wise man has no sooner fixed his sight upon a man given up to his vices than, mistrusting himself, in a trembling manner, he interrogates himself, if he be not like that man.

The truly wise man speaks but little, he is eloquent. I no not see that eloquence can be of any great use to him.

It is not enough to know virtue, it is necessary to love it; but it is not sufficient to love it, it is necessary to possess it.

He who persecutes a good man makes war against himself and all mankind.

The wise man never acts without counsel. He sometimes consults, in the most important affairs, even the least intelligent persons, men that have the least experience. When counsels are good, we ought not to consider from whence they come.

Eschew vanity and pride. Although thou hast all the prudence and ability of the ancients, if thou hast not humility, thou hast nothing; thou art even the man of the world that deserves to be contemned.

Never contract friendship with a man who is not better than thyself.

The wise man blushes at his faults, but is not ashamed to amend them.

Wouldest learn to die well? learn first to live well. Acknowledge thy benefits by the return of other benefits, but never revenge injuries.—*Life Illustrated.*

TWISTER.

IN Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, under the word "Twister," certain verses are given which the Doctor calls remarkable, and which, he says, explains twist in all its senses. These verses are remarkable. But first to their history. We derive all we know from the pen of Dr. Adam Clarke, whose account of them appeared many years ago, in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

Doctor John Wallis was Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford, in 1849. In 1853 he published a *grammar* of the English language in Latin, said to be a work of great merit. He excelled in etymology, his habits as a geometrician leading him to sift every subject to its bottom, and trace every branch or even filament of language to its *radix*. A very learned Frenchman conversing with him, expatiating on the copiousness of his native language, and its richness in derivatives and synonymes, produced in proof, four lines on rope-making, which he had composed for the purpose. Here they are:

Quand un cordier, cordant, vent corder une corde,
Pour sa corde corder, trois cordons il accorde;
Mais, si un des cordons de la corde decorde,
Le cordon decordant fait decorder la corde.

To show that the English language was at least equally rich and copious, Dr. Wallis immediately translated the verses into English word for word, and of equal syllables, taking the word "twist" for the Frenchman's word, "corde."

When a twister, a twisting, will twist him a twist,
For the twisting of his twist he three times doth intwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

Here are nouns, verbs, participles and synonymes precisely equal to those of the Frenchman in number, quality and force; but to show that the riches of this language were not exhausted, he added up the four following, which continue the subject:

Untwisting the twine that untwisted between,
He twists with his twister the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twitcheth the twine he had twined in twain.

The French funds beings previously exhausted, no attempt could be made to bring in a parallel. The English *mine*, however, was still rich, and to show that it could be still worked to advantage, Dr. Wallis added the following quatrain:

The twain that in twining before in the twine,
As twins were intwisted, he now doth untwine;
'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

"I question much," says Dr. Clarke, "whether there is a language in the universe capable of such a variety of flections, or which can afford so many terms and derivatives, all legitimate, coming from one radix, without borrowing a single term from any other tongue, or coining one for purpose, for there is not a single word used above by Doctor Wallis that is not pure *Anglo-Saxon*, not one exotic being entertained; for the preposition *inter*, which might have been avoided, does not belong to the radix, and only serves to show it in another state; and as for the preposition *in*, we have not borrowed it from the Latin, as some suppose, as it is a pure English word, and is found in many terms of the Anglo-Saxon."

At the request of a foreign nobleman, Dr. Wallis translated his English verses into Latin, but its stiffness and lack of versatility yielded but a poor result by the side of the euphonious lines of our vernacular.

The Latin contains one hundred and forty-four words, the English amounts to one hundred and nine. The English has but one radix, whilst the Latin is obliged to use upwards of twenty different words, varied as far as they can bear, in order to express this one root and its derivatives. Dr. Wallis gives an analysis of the English verses, in which he considers "*two*" as the primitive or radical word, and the others all derivatives from this one radix. —*Southern Times.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

The newspapers record the death, at Lincoln, of Robert Bunyan, the last male descendant in a direct line from John Bunyan, the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

——DEATH OF COLONEL SIBTHORP.—The (London) *Times* announces the death of Colonel Sibthorp, the well-known member of Parliament, and adds: The name of the gallant Colonel has long been a household word as the embodiment of honest but unreasoning tory prejudice; down to the very last he showed himself a politician of the extinct school of Lord Eldon and the late Duke of Newcastle, whom he thoroughly revered, and consequently, in these days of divided parties and allegiance, he found himself as frequently opposed to the great conservative